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A FOURTH U.S. OPEN title is Jack Nicklaus' aim at Madinah, just a wedge shot away from Chicago. Such folk as Johnny Miller, Gary Player, Tom Watson and Hale Irwin will be battling him. Dan Jenkins observes.

IT PAYS TO STEAL in the American League West, where larceny has become so rampant that historic stolen-base records are sure to be broken. Ron Fimre reports from speedways in Anaheim, K.C. and Oakland.

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BOOKTALK

by MARTHA DUFFY

ONE THAT BIDS FAIR TO BE A WINNER—FRANCIS IS ON THE RIGHT TRACK AGAIN

Dick Francis thrillers have appeared annually since 1964, and they are among the very best around. An ex-steeplechase jockey in England, Francis always uses some aspect of racing as background and the incrustation of his knowledge of English tracks is priceless.

Asseldown (Harper & Row, \$6.95) is about bloodstock sales, and its hero is an honest agent named Jonah Dereham. Just after he buys a horse, ominously called Hearsepuller, accidents begin to mar Dereham's orderly existence. A valuable and unimpaired—coll boarded in his barn is mysteriously set loose at night, then Dereham's house burns down. Someone, it seems, wants honest agents out of the way.

Dereham is a typical Francis horseman: a terse, tough, conscientious loner. Like his predecessors, he is also something of a misanthrope. He supports a brother who is a helpless alcoholic and pursues a girl who is even more stubbornly independent than he is. Francis takes wayward satisfaction in loading his heroes down with chronic, insoluble problems. In this respect *Asseldown* is his bleakest book yet.

The best scenes take place at the thoroughbred sales at Ascot and Newmarket. During them the reader forgets the conspiracy against Dereham and becomes absorbed in the equally exciting auctions. Ascot is cramped and cold. At Newmarket things are grander and more crooked. Dereham wants a rapacious colleague off a chestnut colt. The animal is listed as the get of an established dominant bay sire called Transporter. As Jonah points out, Transporter has never sired a chestnut and genetically it is virtually impossible. (In this year's Kentucky Derby field, there was a similar case of unlikely parentage: Rushing Man is a foal with two chestnuts listed as parents. It just does not happen.)

The detail in *Asseldown* is rich enough to suggest that there may be another book in the miriades of bloodstock and thoroughbred sales, but Francis has never yet repeated himself. For his next plot he may not even have to leave Newmarket. The recent strike there of the "lads," or stable help, was marked by a couple of frays. Willie Carson, a champion jockey, was pulled from his mount by picketers, whereupon several spectators—in true British fashion—attacked the lads for upsetting the horses. Just one twist, like an apter for something more than higher wages, should set Francis going again. **END**

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ART TALK

by DAN GERBER

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE, THROUGH RIVER SOUNDS AND THE WORLD OF FISH

For several years, since environmentalists made the Grand River a live stream once more, fishermen have been a fairly common sight in Grand Rapids. But until this spring their fishing had been confined to the southern part of town, below the fifth Street Dam, a barrier only the heartiest and most spawn-crazed salmon and steelhead were capable of leaping.

Now a fish ladder provides easy access to an additional 150 miles of the Grand and its tributaries. The Michigan Department of Natural Resources undertook the project and, aside from its being the only fish ladder in the middle of a city, there was to be nothing unusual or noteworthy about it. But Grand Rapids has come into national prominence recently, not only as the hometown of the 38th President but also because of its 42-ton stable, *La Grande*

Pietre, by Alexander Calder. So it seemed only natural to local sculptor Joseph Kinnebrew that if Grand Rapids was going to have a fish ladder, it should be more artistically pleasing than the "rectangular septic tank" proposed by the DNR.

Kinnebrew came up with a plan for a fish ladder that would also be a piece of walk-through sculpture, enveloping viewers in "the white sound of the river and the world of the fish" as they looked down at the salmon leaping two flights of steps to reach the water above the dam. At first the DNR balked at an artist sticking his nose into its business, and when engineering studies indicated that Kinnebrew's aquatic art could cost \$100,000 more than the utilitarian structure, the DNR dismissed his idea as frills.

But Kinnebrew was determined, and he managed to talk the National Endowment for the Arts into providing \$40,000 for the project. The Michigan Council for the Arts added \$9,000. Kinnebrew was faced with raising the balance from local individuals and foundations. He spent much of last year driving all over the city displaying a model of his fish ladder from the trunk of his car.

"I felt a little foolish," Kinnebrew says, "asking potential patrons if they'd mind stepping out to the parking lot, but the model was just too big to carry into their offices."

Awkward as his method was, he managed to raise \$40,000, and now, by the fifth Street Dam, between furniture facories and warehouses, Kinnebrew's design straddles the fish ladder, pleasing art lovers and fish lovers.

The Kinnebrew sculpture may even become more of a Grand Rapids landmark than the now famous Calder. The DNR predicts that with all the attention the Grand River is getting, within five years downtown Grand Rapids will be the hottest fishing spot in the upper Midwest. Picture, if you can, fishermen flocking to the north country from Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, checking in at The Pentland Hotel and the Holiday Inn, renting for an early room service breakfast and taking a Checker Cab, hoping to be the first to their favorite spot above the dam. There anglers can lay out a Wiggler Nymph or a streamer below bank towers to lure a 20-pound salmon freshly emerged from a work of art. **END**

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34 ^{mpg}_{highway} \$ ^{Pinto:} 2,769

Official test results certified by the U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency, which rates all cars using a common dynamometer testing procedure. Competitive fuel economy results based on EPA Buyer's Guide. Mileage may vary depending on your driving habits. City mileage 23 mpg.

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That's less than VW Rabbit.
That's better than Toyota Corona.
That's better than Datsun 710.
That's the same as Audi Fox.
That's better than Opel 1900.
That's better than Mazda 808.
That's better than a Monza
Towne Coupe.
That's better than many others.

Base sticker price of Pinto MPG 2-Door Sedan excluding title, taxes, destination and dealer prep. Price comparisons based on sticker prices. Because destination charges are extra on all cars, and dealer prep is extra on all cars except GM cars and Toyota, the price difference may vary in some areas.

\$224 less than VW Beetle.
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\$694 less than Datsun 710.
\$2,075 less than Audi Fox.
\$870 less than Opel 1900.
\$222 less than Mazda 808.
\$795 less than Monza
Towne Coupe.
And less than many others.

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New Ford Pinto **MPG**

34mpg. \$2,769

Base sticker price, excluding title, taxes, destination and dealer prep.

Official U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency tests. 34mpg highway, 23mpg city.

The country's best-selling sub-compact economy car line now has a new model with higher mileage at a lower price than the leading foreign car.



Pinto **MPG** 2-Door Sedan with optional WSW tires. (\$30).

New Pinto **MPG** with automatic transmission, 30mpg highway, 21mpg city, in official U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency tests. It's the lowest sticker-priced 30mpg automatic you can buy. See MPG equipment on next page.



These three letters can change your mind about looking to the imports for good mileage. When you see them on our newest version of America's best-selling sub-compact, you'll know you're looking at a car that beats even the VW Beetle in price as well as EPA test mileage.

You can buy the new Pinto MPG now—at no increase in price—and get the same kind of standard equipment that makes the regular Pinto so pop-

ular: rack and pinion steering, 4-speed manual with floor-mounted stick, overhead cam 2.3-liter 4-cylinder engine with solid state ignition, front disc brakes, and more. Best of all, Pinto MPG comes with the same type of Lifeguard Design Safety Features found in our full-size Fords including side door beams, protective bumpers, and many others. (If there's one thing more important than better mileage, it's peace of mind when you're driving.)



Pinto **MPG** High mileage with wide choice of models.

Pinto **3-Door Runabout** (above and below), with optional Exterior Decor Group, deluxe bumper group and WSW tires.

MPG The new Pinto **MPG** is available in three models, including the popular 3-Door Runabout. That handy rear door flips up and the rear seat flips down to give you a five-foot-long carpeted load floor. The Runabout also includes such standard Pinto features as all-vinyl front bucket seats, and a mini-console. You can have the flexibility of the Runabout—and EPA highway test economy of 34 miles a gallon (city 23 mpg) if you see your Ford Dealer now and order a new Pinto **MPG**.

Priced lower than any foreign wagon. 34mpg highway, official U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency tests.



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MPG equipment:

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Pinto **3-Door Wagon** production started June 9.

Official U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency Tests

34mpg (4-speed manual)
highway...23mpg city.

30mpg (automatic)
highway...21mpg city.

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FORD

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SCORECARD

Edited by BOB OTTUM

TWO ON THE AISLE, PLEASE

When last we left the Olympic construction site in Montreal (SCORECARD, June 2), the word was that the 1976 Games would go on as scheduled despite labor troubles. The next problem involves obtaining the tickets that will get one into the stadiums, and Montgomery Ward, the exclusive distributor in this country, advises that now is a good time to make your move.

Ward's computer ticked off the latest totals June 12, and print-outs show that while tickets for every sport are still available, all gold-medal events are already sold out in basketball, gymnastics, swimming and diving. Taking in everything from early rounds to finals in 21 sports and including ceremonies at both ends, Ward figures that there are 334 Olympic events that one might attend. The U.S. allocation was 700,000 tickets. More than 225,000 are gone, and tabulations to be released this week show the pattern of main spectator interest: eight out of 27 basketball events are sold out; two of 25 in boxing, one of eight in cycling, eight of 10 in equestrian events, four of 18 in fencing, six of 12 in gymnastics, one of 19 in handball, 17 of 36 in swimming, diving and water polo, 18 of 24 in volleyball, two of 17 in weight lifting, 15 of 21 in wrestling.

Scratch the opening ceremonies, says the computer, but if carrying out the torch interests you, seats for the closing rites are still available—with the equestrian Grand Prix jumping team finals as a bonus, since they'll be staged earlier in the same stadium.

As outlined in an earlier report (SI, April 21), seats are sold on a first-come basis and sales close Aug. 15. After that, if you like field hockey you'll love the Olympics.

BATTERIES UP

On the theory that it isn't enough to merely sing the national anthem at sports events in this bicentennial year, here came a U.S. Army detachment trundling

two 75-mm cannons into New York's Shea Stadium. The crowd of 31,809 on hand for the Yankee-Angel game was asked to stand, and the strains of *The Star-Spangled Banner* rose on the night air. So did the 21-gun salute from the cannons in the outfield. And when the smoke cleared, everybody saw that our flag was still there—but there was a hole in the left-field fence and the right one was afire.

Enter the grounds crew to put everything back together and exit the Army artillery. The rest of the shelling that night was confined to Angel Pitcher Nolan Ryan, who gave up five runs and lost the game.

HONORS STUDENT

The class was over and 71-year-old Silverio Mazzella started strolling home—but not far away a knife-waving assailant stopped him and demanded all his money. So Mazzella kicked the robber in the stomach, grabbed him by the neck, took the knife and returned to the Bronx classroom for a bit of show-and-tell. Lord knows, the teachers were pleased: subject of the evening had been a police-sponsored physical defense course for senior citizens.

WEIGHTY DECISION

The comforting golf report of the week comes from Elephant Hills Country Club in Rhodovia. The rule book says that players may take a free drop with any ball that lands in a hippopotamus print.

ALL IN FAVOR SAY RIBET

For those innocents who have often wondered what goes on when an august body like a state senate convenes, an answer comes this week from Ohio. Among bills in the . . . well, in the hopper, is one that would legalize pari-mutuel betting on frog racing under supervision of the state racing commission. The state would O.K. race permits, set dates, provide inspectors for each contest, and take a percentage of the handle, à la horse racing. As an additional safeguard, officials

could enforce rules against such trickery as frog drugging and also levy fines of up to \$100 for anyone entering a toad in a frog race.

State Senator Oakley Collins is backing the bill on behalf of the Meigs County Croakers, an organization that conducts frog-jumping contests, and the lawmaker allowed that he might enter the next one himself. He has his own frog, of course. Name of Secretariat.

GOT THE CAR RIGHT HERE

The scheme may not work at Indy—in fact, it may not work at all—but a thing called *Dragzarta* is off and running at Maryland International Raceway, a drag strip just outside of Washington, D.C. Track operator Tod Mack has installed \$2 pari-mutuel windows so that fans may bet on the cars of their choice, and the system operates the same as playing the horses. Well, almost. Mack insists that the track takes no money out. Donations to charity are the key to the setup, and the operation will be supervised by three local Jaycee chapters; 83% of the total handle goes to build the payoff pool, 10% goes into the charity fund and 7% will



be reserved in a contingency fund for special events.

The first two weeks of dragging under the new operation brought in \$250 for charity, Mack says, and he hopes that all this will prove to be legal. "Now that the New Jersey state lottery is involved in a legal numbers racket," he says, "how can anyone fault us? In fact, I think this system will probably catch on around the country."

continued



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INTER-OFFICE MEMO

To: David May
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From: Research Department

Date: May 12, 1977

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Here is the information which you requested on May 9. This information is in the public domain and is not restricted.

PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF FOOD GRAINS IN POUNDS

1969 - 1972

	1969	1970	1971	1972
Corn Products:				
Cereals and other	15.8	15.8	15.8	15.8
Corn Syrup and sugar	20.3	20.8	21.4	21.7
Oat food products	3.2	3.2	3.2	3.2
Barley food products	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2
Wheat:				
Flour	111	110	110	110
Breakfast cereals	2.9	2.9	2.9	2.9
Rye, Flour	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2
Rice, Milled	6.3	6.7	7.7	7.0

If you have any questions or require additional information, please call Mrs. Dobson on 3491.

Joseph Foran
Research Director

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Maybe so. But at least one driver was over-revved by the prospect of folks betting on horsepower rather than horse power. He took on too much weight in fuel for his straightaway run of roughly two furlongs—and lost by a bumper. "All those bettors backing me made me nervous," he said.

SOCIABLE SECURITY

The old girl was 28, pushing 100 by human standards, and her former owners had decided that it was the glue factory for Miss Reed. But when the standard-bred broodmare showed up at Florida's Castleton Farms to be "put down," as they say in the sport, Manager Houston Stone couldn't bring himself to do it. Her career earnings of \$1,289.09 on the county-fair circuit and best mile pace of 2:13 weren't stunning, true, but she had borne 17 offspring, she wore a certain maternal air and, besides, Stone is obviously an old softy.

All that was five years ago, and it is how Miss Reed got her present job. There is a difficult transition period for just-weaned fillies and, at Castleton, separated from their natural mothers, they turn to Miss Reed. And there she is now at 33, believed to be the oldest harness horse in the U.S., strolling through Castleton's pastures, with the weanlings following in parade. Since Miss Reed is such a fine nanny, who could say her neigh?

SPLASH GRAY HACKLE

As swimming pools go, this one was just dandy: 120 by 100 feet, filled with 500,000 gallons of water and located in an urban setting at Humberstone, Leicester, which is north of London. Problem was, the pool is unheated, and English summers being what they are—largely chilly and damp is what they are—Owner Mark Warrilow was going broke waiting for hot sunny days so that he could charge 30 pence a head for swimming. And that's when the idea jumped up and bit him.

Disregarding suspicions that he was bonkers, Warrilow dumped in a load of sand and gravel to cover the pool's tile bottom. Then he stocked the thing with 375 rainbow and brown trout, and let out the word that the pool was available for fly-fishing. That was a couple of weeks ago, and the rest is financial history: by last week local anglers were lining up to pay £1.50 per chance at the new fishing hole. Warrilow makes his own rules: only

eight fly-fishermen at a time are permitted at poolside. Fishermen may keep two for the frypan, all others must be released. One of the first customers, a local businessman, caught 30 trout in one session, using both the deep end, 9 feet, and the shallow, 2 feet, and went home satisfied. Warrilow is now getting inquiries from local fishing clubs whose members want to rent the pool by the day to keep the action to themselves, and the operation is called a big success. "With the price of petrol sky high, we see this as an attractive alternative to traveling miles to fish rivers," says Warrilow, "and they're probably polluted anyway."

The trout run from 8 to 10 inches and Warrilow says, perhaps over-enthusiastically, that they average just under two pounds. He will restock as needed. Right now, they're easy to catch, no matter what the fly, but it will probably get harder as they get smarter. Being snatched out of and dumped back into a swimming pool several times a day is going to get very old very fast.

PICKING UP THE PACE

Fair warning to those running nuts who are even now training for next year's Boston Marathon: shake a leg. Qualifying time for the 26-mile, 385-yard race stays at 3½ hours for women and men over 40. But for men under 40, says Marathon Director Will Cloney, the time is hereby trimmed to three hours flat, and you must prove it. And if that doesn't cut down this year's nearly unmanageable field of 2,078 they might consider shooting all stragglers.

ROUTE OF A PROBLEM

When Pennsylvania recently joined a number of states in lifting the ban on Butazolidin as a painkiller, horseracing columnist Russ Harris of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, aware that others also are considering the move, got to wondering if perhaps someone shouldn't have asked the horses first. In fact, reported Harris, the horses might well be trying to tell us about it.

"A horse that feels pain will try to protect himself and is much less likely to break down or injure himself severely than a horse that feels no pain because he has been given an analgesic to kill it," Harris wrote. He went through the *Daily Racing Form* charts covering the 35 racing days before the drug was legalized, and there was not a single breakdown at

Keystone racetrack. But in the first 35 days following approval of the drug, nine horses broke down—meaning that the jockey was forced to pull up, and the horse was either destroyed or removed from the track by ambulance. Seven of the nine had been given Butazolidin. Nobody, least of all Harris, is maintaining that his Keystone statistics are conclusive, but he figures that they ought to raise doubts. "Even if the horse survives," he said, "the injury is usually so serious that the animal is out of action for six months or more."

GRIDIRONS IN THE FIRE

For the benefit of those summer haters who are already longing for the crack of helmet against shoulder pad, there is this off-season stirring in the college football world:

Michigan, that familiar Rose Bowl bridesmaid, has become the seventh Big Ten school to approve cutting the conference's exclusive tie to Pasadena. If the Big Ten-Pacific Eight plan goes through as expected, runners-up in both conferences will be permitted to accept other postseason bowl bids. Apparently the only questions still to be decided are how many may play (the Big Ten favors perhaps as many as four in one year) and whether to divide the extra bowl income among all schools.

The fact that the Rose Bowl shed its own exclusive one-game status by permitting the pros to use the famous stadium for the 1977 Super Bowl is a minor item in the new plan, says Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke. The main idea, he says, is the prestige gained from more bowl participation—the effect of bowls upon national rankings, the TV exposure and attendant fan support—plus the fact that more widespread bowl games will help member schools in recruiting. And how soon can one expect this flood of powerhouse football? If all goes as anticipated, at the end of the 1975 season.

THEY SAID IT

- Jones Ramsey, University of Texas sports information director, asked at a meeting to suggest what the NCAA might do to celebrate the bicentennial in 1976: "Well, let's see. What did we do in 1876?"
- Bill Peterson, former Florida State football coach, on being accepted for the Florida Hall of Fame: "I'm very appreciative of being inducted." **END**



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While an exuberant crowd looked on, Pelé exchanged national flags with Kyle Rote Jr.



CURTAIN CALL



FOR A LEGEND

When Pelé played his first game for the New York Cosmos the soccer field became his stage. The response was a roaring ovation
by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM



His appearance on the field was greeted by fireworks, his uncanny passes by grateful cheers and the goal he stunningly beaded into the net—well, it was carnival time beneath the Triborough Bridge. This was Pelé Sunday afternoon in New York, adding another chapter to his career as soccer's celebrated folk hero. Playing his first game as a member of the New York Cosmos, he managed to momentarily transform Downing Stadium, a moldering Depression-age relic on an island in the East River, into the improbable center of world football.

Pelé's performance included an assist and a goal that enabled the Cosmos to salvage a 2-2 tie with the Dallas Tornado. It didn't matter that the game itself was a mere media event, an exhibition set up to showcase the Cosmos' extraordinary coup to TV audiences in the U.S., Japan and much of Latin America. Nor did it matter that the crowd of 21,278—some 1,200 fewer than capacity—would have been swallowed up in Maracanã stadium, in Pelé's Brazil. And while many in the crowd didn't know a scissors kick from a wall pass, that was exactly the point: it was to promote soccer in the uninitiated U.S. that Pelé agreed to play with the Cosmos.

Admittedly out of shape from his eight-month retirement, the 34-year-old Pelé was joining a team that had a depressing 3-6 record in the North American Soccer League. Roaming the field with little wristed motion, he dribbled past swarms of Tornado defenders and threaded soft, accurate passes through the smallest openings. The only trouble was that the other Cosmos all too often seemed unprepared. It appeared that the bandy-legged little man was not so much promoting U.S. soccer as exposing it.

Despite his layoff, Pelé showed he has lost none of his agility (left) or his athleticism.

But soon he had his teammates obeying him almost as much as the ball did. Early on, Pelé had headed the ball into a goalpost, narrowly missing a score, his momentum hurtling him into the wall of photographers that lined the field to snap away at him. Then he slipped a sleight-of-foot pass to 5'4" Julio Correa that produced another near-miss. Goals by Altamont McKenzie and David Chadwick put Dallas ahead 2-0 at halftime, but Pelé was clearly galvanizing the Cosmos. In the second half he suddenly chipped a perfect lead pass to Mordechai Shpigler, a rawboned Israeli, who booted a squibbler past Dallas' flailing goalkeeper, Ken Cooper, to make it 2-1. Nine minutes later Shpigler reciprocated, lofting a pass

continued





PELÉ continues

that a twisting Pelé, suspended in mid-air, headed into the net.

That was the final goal, and Pelé responded as always, by leaping high and punching the air. The game had also been billed as a platform for Kyle Rote Jr., "soccer's first American superstar," but Rote, like everybody else, was utterly overshadowed. The fans had come to see Pelé, and they ended the game as they started it, filling the air with chants of "Pe-lé, Pe-lé."

The excitement over Pelé's presence had actually begun with his arrival in the U.S. five days earlier. In places where soccer is sacred—meaning most of the civilized world—Pelé's rise from poverty to the pinnacle of his sport is legend. Born Edison Arantes do Nascimento, he became the only man to play on three World Cup championship teams and the first to score 1,000 goals. He has been received at Buckingham Palace, given a parade down the Champs-Élysées and hailed everywhere as The King or The Great One. His very name has become a superlative; if people call you the Pelé of, say, the kitchen, you may be sure they like your cooking. And now he was going to play on Randall's Island, of all places.

Given soccer's lowly status in the U.S., however, nobody quite expected the mob scene that occurred beneath the mounted antlers and bear's head of Manhattan's 21 Club, which is where the New York Cosmos chose to unveil their own prize specimen. As Pelé ceremonially signed his Cosmos contract, 300 newsmen and hangers-on jostled for inside position

and, in a resulting fistfight, a Brazilian cameraman had his glasses broken. In Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium that same night Pelé, wearing street clothes, was introduced before a Cosmos game with the hometown A'toms. A crowd of 20,124, double the usual turnout, cheered Pelé but booed the swarm of photographers who followed him around the field, obstructing their view.

The supercharged atmosphere was reminiscent of the American tours of The Beatles and the Pope—especially the latter. Pelé is hardly an imposing figure, standing not quite 5'8" and peering out beneath a wedge of neatly mown hair with wide, almost childlike, eyes. Still, he managed to remain serene amid all the commotion he was causing and he had about him a messianic sense of purpose. As he publicly intoned time and again, "I came to your country because I realized I was the only one who could help soccer here. Spread the news that soccer has finally arrived in the U.S."

But only his words were lofty. Unfailingly polite, Pelé was forever flashing his twinkling smile and fielding questions either in self-conscious English ("I don't speak well your language") or, more often, through interpreters. Posing for pictures one day in Central Park, he was besieged by scores of soccer-playing youngsters, whom he earnestly implored to "play the game often." And during the Cosmos' 1-0 overtime loss to Philadelphia, he projected an image at odds with what New Yorkers have come to expect from the picaresque likes of Joe Namath and Walt Frazier. There in a pri-

While his wife and beaming officials look on, Pelé signs his multimillion-dollar contract.

vate box sat Pelé, holding hands with his wife Rosie.

But Pelé could carry the common touch only so far. For one thing, while the other Cosmos were getting around by bus, he was arriving at workouts by limousine. Then, too, he was shadowed by Julio Mazzel, a friend and adviser he refers to as "Daddy." Mazzel is a former trainer of Santos, the Brazilian club on which Pelé played for 18 years, and the Cosmos hired him for Coach Gordon Bradley's staff, leaving the impression that Pelé had one boss, the rest of the team another. Far from resenting any of this, the Cosmos acted like a sandlot baseball team suddenly playing alongside Babe Ruth. Approaching his new teammate, Gil Mardarescu, a midfielder from Rumania, crossed himself and said, "I dreamed of some day just shaking your hand. But to play with you, this is a miracle."

Pelé's first workout with the Cosmos was held during a rainstorm inside the gym at Long Island's Hofstra University. His chauffeur got lost, and he arrived 35 minutes late. He apologized to Bradley, who waived the customary \$25 fine. Huddling with the Cosmos, Pelé said, "I've always been a team man, and I still am. Please don't expect me to win games alone. We must work together."

For the next day's practice, at Downing Stadium, Pelé was on time. During an intrasquad game, he called to teammates by name and applauded their good play. Still, any pretense that Pelé was among peers was forever undermined when, positioned in front of the goal, he took a sharply angled, waist-high pass from Midfielder Johnny Kerr. Pelé bicycled himself into the air and sent an overhead kick screeching past second-string Goalkeeper Kurt Kuykendall. Players on both sides cheered while Kuykendall asked, "What happened?"

The credit for bagging Pelé goes to the Cosmos general manager, a moonfaced Englishman named Clive Toye. He laid the groundwork in 1971 when, accompanied by NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam, he flew to Jamaica and asked Pelé, who was appearing there with Santos, to "remember the Cosmos" when making future plans. Toye should be applauded less for vision than for audacity. At the time the NASL had just eight

teams and was gasping for survival.

Since then U.S. soccer has enjoyed some grass-roots growth while the NASL has expanded to 20 teams. In an ardent courtship, Toye met with Pelé over the past year in Frankfurt, Brussels, Rome and São Paulo. On his 75,000-mile quest he emphasized that the Brazilian was in a history-making position to "move American soccer into the jet age." As for what move would pay mover, Toye freely waved the corporate checkbook of the Cosmos' owner, Warner Communications Inc., a \$720 million a year entertainment complex that churns out films (*The Exorcist*), records (Frank Sinatra, the Rolling Stones) plus such odds and ends as *Superman* comics.

That Warner last week signed a real-life *Superman* became quickly apparent. After the Pelé breakthrough, the NASL's Boston Minutemen promptly succeeded in landing a superstar of their own, Portugal's Eusebio. The Cosmos' cramped offices swiftly turned into a beehive of activity. When they were not out scouting schools for Pelé's children—Kelly Cristina, 9, and Edinho, 4—harrid Cosmos officials struggled with the avalanche of media requests for Sunday's game. And offers were pouring in for Pelé to play exhibitions, endorse sport shirts, stage clinics—everything but kick field goals for the Jets.

All of which made Warner Communications' investment look sound. Pelé signed for an estimated guarantee of \$4.5 million, in return for which he will play 100-odd games over three seasons and put himself in Warner's hands for merchandising and public-relations schemes. The Cosmos were dicker with Yankee Stadium, among other possible new homes, and were plotting tours to Asia and Europe. Citing the worldwide interest in Sunday's exhibition, Toye crowed, "We've overnight become the most valuable franchise in sport. Our market for TV and postseason tours is global."

The only sour note was sounded in Brazil, where some of Pelé's countrymen were upset over what they regarded as his defection. A couple of Brazilian newspapers speculated that the country's national hero was motivated less by mission than money, as though the two were somehow incompatible. Asked about reports that he was in financial trouble, Pelé confessed only to relatively minor losses in a single rubber-products investment. "I came out of retirement because

I missed soccer and because I saw playing in the U.S. as the new challenge I needed," he said. "If I needed the money, why did I take so long to sign?"

The best guess is that the Cosmos deal retains for Pelé the status he has held all along: one of the world's richest athletes. A onetime \$2-a-month shoemaker's apprentice, he has large holdings in Brazilian real estate and manufacturing, and he feels right at home in the corporate world. Another deal pays him \$150,000-plus a year to promote Pepsi-Cola's youth soccer program, which is how he came to be training one afternoon at PepsiCo, Inc.'s headquarters in Westchester County, a parklike setting where secretaries sunbathe in front of Alexander Calder and Henry Moore sculptures.

All the talk about big money and promoting soccer has obscured another reason for Pelé's joining the Cosmos, one that dawned on him as he and Rosie strolled, a couple of years ago, along Los Angeles' Hollywood Boulevard. Suddenly he realized that he was not being mobbed, and that the U.S. was one of

the few places in the world this could happen. He lifted his astonished wife into the air and shouted, "I'm free! I'm free!"

It sounds strange that anybody would move to New York for peace and quiet, and such a prospect seems especially unpromising considering Pelé's hectic first days as a Cosmo. Indeed, as the crowds cheered him on Sunday it became apparent that however he might ultimately fare in helping soccer catch on in the U.S., Pelé himself has already done so hugely.

But when you are a living legend, solitude is relative. In the limousine that carried him from PepsiCo headquarters back to Manhattan, Pelé said, "Everybody needs a moment by himself. It's impossible for me to get that in England or Germany, but maybe it will be different here." Then doesn't he really want to make the U.S. as soccer-crazy as the rest of the world? "Of course I do," he replied, his expression placid as always. "But the United States has lots of famous people in movies and sports. Here I will be just one of many stars."

But also one of the biggest.

END

With the skyscrapers of New York looming in the distance, Pelé enjoys a moment alone.





Contentiously surrounding McGinnis are (clockwise) Commissioner O'Brien, Nigar, Weiner, Burke and an outraged Koeloff (center)

SCORE A BASKET FOR BROTHERLY LOVE

The New York Knicks thought George McGinnis would never play for Philadelphia, so they signed him. But he may—and thereby hangs a tale

by PAT PUTNAM

After the recent San Francisco confrontation pitting the New York Knicks against the massed might of the rest of the National Basketball Association, young and gifted George McGinnis appeared suddenly to have become a nonresident of at least three major U.S. cities. One thing for sure, he wasn't a New Yorker; NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien had made that clear in throwing out the \$3.1 million contract McGinnis had signed with the Knicks. On the other hand, he didn't seem to belong in Indianapolis any longer, either, though that ABA city had been his home for four years. And as for Philadelphia, which owned the NBA draft rights to him, the word was that McGinnis wanted no part of the City of Brotherly Love.

At any rate, McGinnis' reported revulsion toward Philadelphia is what Mike Burke, the natty president of the Knicks, was counting on when he gambled by signing the ABA superstar forward to a six-year contract that insulted every NBA bylaw on the books. "McGinnis has always said he'd never play for Philadelphia anyway," Burke repeated last week as the debris from the explosion he had caused settled around him.

But as it turns out, what Burke believed was not entirely accurate, and thereby may hang the tale of several franchises. What McGinnis actually said, according to McGinnis, was that he didn't like Philadelphia.

"I don't like any big city," says McGinnis. "I don't like New York, either. The only thing I like about New York is Madison Square Garden. It would be silly of me to say I'd never play in Philadelphia. We are going to talk money. If they offer enough, I'll sign."

In the first post-confrontation round of talks, McGinnis and his agent, Irwin Weiner, informed Philadelphia that they would appreciate an offer of \$600,000 more than New York had agreed upon, spread over the same six-year period. Last Sunday, Pat Williams, the 76ers' general manager, flew to Indianapolis to have lunch with McGinnis, who was getting ready to leave on a 17-day tour of the Philippines. Williams said he did not think money would be a big problem. "We are not looking for a bargain. We will make McGinnis an offer which will make him a wealthy young man and one which we can live with. Our offer won't lose us the deal. What could stop it is if George decides not to leave the ABA."

With the Knicks thing, McGinnis cut the umbilical cord with Indiana, and if he did it once he can do it again."

That has been the problem in the past: McGinnis' reluctance to abandon Indiana where, until now, he has been happy and moderately prosperous. He was a high school star in Indianapolis and then an All-America at Indiana University, which he left after his sophomore year to sign with the Pacers, and the hometown ties are still strong. His mother is in Indianapolis; also his girl and his lifelong friends. He has a farm just outside the city.

But before the start of the past season, Weiner persuaded his player to consider making a move—but only to New York, where the big dollars were. In August the Knicks, who desperately need just such a powerful forward, obtained from the 76ers a 30-day period of grace in which to woo McGinnis. At that point, Philadelphia was having problems. Billy Cunningham had not yet returned. Freddie Carter was unsigned and Doug Collins, now a potential star at guard, had not developed to that stage. "We felt we needed a lift," says Williams.

If New York lured McGinnis, Philadelphia would get that lift by receiving from the Knicks in exchange Earl Monroe, a top draft pick and two peach baskets stuffed with money. But the Knicks had no luck with McGinnis. In October, under the same 30-day conditions, they tried again. McGinnis instead signed a new two-year Pacer contract, with the proviso that for \$86,750 he could buy his way free after one season.

By the end of the season Philadelphia's player situation had changed dramatically—and so had McGinnis' market value. He had had a superb year with Indiana, sharing the MVP award with Julius Erving. "When the Knicks came to us a third time, we told them no," Williams says. "We want McGinnis in Philadelphia. We aren't going to trade, deal or sell George."

At the moment, McGinnis technically is still the property of the Pacers. He has until Aug. 1 to pay the \$86,750 or be obligated to play another season in Indiana. And while the Pacers haven't matched the NBA offers, they have come up with a \$2.4 million six-year package.

Pacer Coach Bob Leonard says, "I'll tell you this, if George comes back I'd better not catch that Weiner in my locker room again. Every time we went to

New York last season he was there. Every time. Even the players knew what was going on. It was disruptive. But I can't blame George. I was a player. When things are right, you have to make a move. When the legs go, nobody's going to take care of you."

Exactly, says McGinnis, who was back in Indiana last week. He is a big muscular man who pushes his body to its fullest and knows it is only a matter of time before the punishment robs him of the only product he has to sell.

"All I'm seeking is financial security for George McGinnis," he says. "If all things were financially equal I'd never leave Indiana. I'm not a New Yorker or a Philadelphian. But you take the lifespan of an athlete—well, you don't have that much time. The fact is that if you have the bucks, you are O.K. If not, you aren't. I didn't make the rules."

Yet he is concerned that people will see in him another example of money-grubbing. "Look, under the Constitution I have the right to earn as much money as I am capable of," he says. "Let's be realistic. One, I've only two years of college education. Two, I'm black. And, three, I'm not very smart, although I have a lot of common sense. My time is now. I sign a six-year contract and then maybe, just maybe, I might have two or three more years. What happens to George McGinnis then? I don't want to be a stockbroker. I don't want to wear a suit and a tie and work 8 to 5. I don't see why it's so complicated. Here's one pile of money and there's another. One pile is larger. It doesn't take any intelligence to figure that out."

And the larger of the piles appears to be in Philadelphia rather than Indianapolis, even if it is not loaded with all the off-court riches McGinnis was told would be his if he played in New York. "Johnny Bench and O.J. Simpson make as much extra money as anybody," says Williams in defense of other cities. "In any case, the issue is moot. George is going to play here. We told the Knicks that. They had nothing we wanted. The best deal they could have given us would be Walt Frazier, draft choices and cash—and for us it would have been a bad deal. Sure, Frazier could help any team, but he's five or six years older than George. And there's no way he could have the impact of a McGinnis. And besides, if we let McGinnis go

to New York our fans would kill us."

The Knicks signed McGinnis on May 30 and when the ink was dry they called Philadelphia and asked the 76ers what they'd like in return.

"For the NBA to take away your bleeping franchise," roared Irving Kosloff, the 76ers owner, and then he put in a call to famed lawyer Louis Nizer.

"It was something out there," says Williams of the league meeting in San Francisco. "The 17 owners were like a lynch mob waiting to hang the Knicks. Nizer presented our case brilliantly. At the end the owners stood and gave him an ovation. We should have charged admission. Then O'Brien called a two-hour recess for lunch, came back, read his decision, picked up the gavel and said, 'Now for the next order of business. . . . It was beautiful.'"

O'Brien revoked the Knicks-McGinnis contract, took away a No. 1 draft choice from New York and ordered the club to pay whatever expenses Philadelphia had incurred, including Nizer's fee. There is also the matter of the \$500,000 bonus the Knicks gave McGinnis for signing.

Mike Burke stood in the center of his Madison Square Garden office last week and thought of that bonus. "Well, legally he doesn't have to give it back," Burke said. "It's his to keep."

The Knicks' president paused for a moment. "But George McGinnis is a fine young man. He just might feel he didn't earn it and he just might return it."

You know, McGinnis just might, **END**



McGinnis' position is not exactly unstable.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS THE FASTEST

Once Friday the 13th and its crazes were behind them, the racers settled down—only to discover Mario Andretti ahead by BROCK YATES

Building up to the proper speed for a big Sunday event is an accepted fact of motor racing life, but there are a few times when a driver almost feels like sitting warily up to his car. Last Friday was the 13th, as everyone noted, perhaps not the best time for the superstitious to buckle into the cramped cockpit of an evil-tempered 500-hp projectile called a Formula 5000 car. But it had to be done, as surely as the series must go on, since Formula 5000 is nothing if not dedicated to success. For one thing, this formula has yet to become a household word, even to hard-core motor racing freaks. It is a mere stripling compared with other open-wheel, single-seat racing machines like Indianapolis or Formula 1 cars, both of which have been around longer than all but the most enthusi-

astic automotive archivists can recall.

One had to empathize with the small band of jittery drivers who prepared for practice and qualifying at the Mosport, Ontario road course on that ominous Friday. Legend labels race drivers as notoriously superstitious, with specific fears regarding such items as green cars, peanut shells and the number 13. But they also are solidly addicted to the limelight, which might prompt them to stroll under ladders and let black cats cross their bows, provided the audience is large enough. Run at Le Mans or Daytona on Friday the 13th? Of course, because should disaster strike, at least one would make a properly spectacular departure, witnessed by a large audience and chronicled by a worldwide press. But to buy it in a Formula 5000 car at Mosport, Ontario, on a dreary, rain-splattered day on the perimeter of the Canadian wilderness with a ragged collection of fellow drivers, mechanics and a few track officials in attendance, would embody just about as much *Götterdämmerung*-Bonanza drama as slipping in the bathtub.

Their faces starchy with concern, American superstars like Bobby Unser, his kid brother Al, and Mario Andretti, plus English aces Jackie Oliver, David Hobbs and 1974 Formula 5000 champion Brian Redman squirmed into their weirdly bewinged machines for the first practice session. Spread over the adjacent forested ravines and hummocks was the 2.46 miles of Mosport, perhaps the most challenging loop of macadam in North America.

With the low clouds shedding a chill mist, the old pros sought speed cautiously on

the nasty, off-camber corners and the humpty-dumpty straightaway, where 180 mph comes in a series of stomach-churning darts and swoops through the stands of pines and softwoods. Mosport severely punishes the impulsive, as Danny Ongais quickly discovered. This taciturn young man, a former drag-racing star accustomed to 220-mph thrusts down the quarter-mile, had embarked on his rookie year in Formula 5000 with an impressive performance in the season's opener at Pocono, Pa. But a few laps at Mosport did him in. Looping off a roller-coaster, downhill right, Ongais whacked the guardrail with sufficient force to pulverize his shiny new Lola and keep him wedged in the wreckage for painful minutes. He was carted off to a nearby hospital, but fortunately escaped serious injury, as did his associates who also spent the rest of that jinxed day caroming off Mosport's rails. Shortly after practice picked up again following Ongais' crash, Redman, who is renowned for his tidy manners with superstar automobiles, stuffed his Lola into a fence when a slower car blocked his line. Al Unser, Ongais' teammate, Californian John Woodner, and Indiana sportsman Evan Noyes then bent their cars in a three-car shunt, which caused even the most confirmed rationalists in the pits to start groping for their rabbit's feet.

The only man on the premises who remained unflappable was the slight, soft-spoken Andretti, one of the fastest, most versatile drivers in the history of motor sports. Before rain turned the final practice session into a low-speed skating party, Andretti steered his Parnelli Jones-owned Lola around Mosport at an average of 120.7 mph, which was just fractionally slower than the track's outright record held by a Formula 1 Ferrari. This velocity was somewhat amazing, because Formula 5000 machines, with their heavier, bulkier bodies and less sophisticated, Detroit-built, production-type engines are supposed to be fast, but not as fast as the hand-built, midjet-monster Grand Prix cars. Does an alarm clock keep better time than a chronograph? Is an off-the-rack dress more glamorous than a Paris original? Of course not. Nor is a little-celebrated 5000 car expected to rival a Grand Prix racer unless it is operated by a man like Andretti, who is the only driver to have recorded victories in

Turning aside superstition, Andretti lapped fastest lap.



Formula I, Formula 5000 and Indianapolis-type machinery.

"This 5000 series is still a child," Mario said as he crawled out of his red and white car. "It started as a second-class event and operated in the shadow of the old Can-Am sports car races for a long time. But now the Can-Am is gone and 5000 is the premier road racing series in North America. And the cars are technically very sophisticated. I think Formula 5000 has tremendous potential."

"I think it needs help," grouched Bobby Unser, whose specialty is driving Dan Gurney's Indy-winning Eagle championship car. Through a crazy-quilt sanctioning setup, Indy cars also can run Formula 5000 races, but to offset their approximate 200-hp advantage, they must make a mandatory pit stop, which nullifies their use. Formula I cars, which are about 150 pounds lighter than 5000 cars and produce approximately 50 hp less from their smaller engines, are not eligible to compete in 5000. "The promotion needs improvement," Unser said. "You've got a lot of big names in this series, but the whole thing isn't being sold effectively."

The Indy champ's reservations notwithstanding, the Mosport management had indeed done some heavy selling, attracting a crowd of perhaps 60,000 by race time. After a Saturday devoted to sports car racing, the weather cleared and the track's infield pastures became spotted with thousands of tents populated by a milling mob soaked with equal parts of sun and beer. The spectacle they came to witness was divided into three parts: a pair of 62.5-mile qualifying heats and a 125-mile grand finale involving, theoretically at least, the top finishers in the two preliminaries. In reality a modest 27 Formula 5000 machines had assembled at Mosport (three were wiped out on Black Friday and six others suffered a variety of mechanical problems), which meant that the remaining 18 cars that were able to wobble to the starting grid were all assured of spots in the \$35,000 main event.

This system is not popular with the star drivers. Andretti seemed to express the consensus by observing, "Qualifying heats are essentially minor league. These races should be run like an Indy or Grand Prix race: one big go with everything on the line. At the very least we ought to be



After winning his heat, Mario outlived the system—then went out and wheeled it home.

running a pair of 125-milers with an over-all winner."

Following the flurry of rasping sound and blurred color that composed the two heats, each one zinging through in about 32 minutes, the Mosport 5000 feature began to assume a familiar form. The seven races held during 1974 had been dominated by Andretti and Redman, each of whom won three, with Redman snatching the championship by a few points in the final contest. This year's event at Pocono also was taken by Redman after Andretti's car broke down while holding a long lead. But Andretti had his Lola on its best behavior at Mosport. He won the opening heat in effortless fashion, leading home 32 seconds ahead of young Australian Warwick Brown. Redman followed former Can-Am champion Jackie Oliver for seven laps of the second preliminary, then breezed to an easy win after Oliver's sinister black UOP Shadow suffered an electrical failure. Bobby Unser soldiered on to second place in the Gurney-Eagle, seemingly lacking the power to catch the smooth-running Redman, whose Lola had magically regained its top form following its Friday crunch.

The main event was launched amidst widespread expectations for yet another Andretti-Redman struggle, and the enthusiastic crowd was not disappointed. Mano leapt away from the pole position with Redman glued to his spoiler. The entire 40 laps of the race were run in that order, Andretti cranking out a smooth 116.4 mph average. Mano, now slightly pudgier but no less aggressive than when he burst on the racing scene a decade ago,

was impeccable. Redman drove fiercely, probing for weak spots, but it was fruitless. "There was no way I could catch him unless he had trouble. It was that simple," Redman admitted after the race. Andretti screeched across the line a mere half second in front with Redman sliding wide on the final corner in one last fling to catch up. Warwick Brown finished a lap back in third, barely holding off a charging David Hobbs, who had surged up from a starting spot in the middle of the pack.

A man who seemed quietly pleased with the whole affair was Jim Hall, the rangy Texan whose famed Chaparral dominated sports car racing in the mid-'60s. Now retired from driving and content with co-ownership of Redman's car (with Chegegoan Carl Haas, who is the American distributor for the English-built Lola racers), Hall said, "This series makes about as much sense as anything in big-time racing today. A guy can field a good car, with spare engines, mechanics and such for about \$125,000 for the whole darn season. And that is a fraction of what Indy or Grand Prix racing costs. A lot of people are pretty neurotic about the economy, which has hurt sponsorship, but I believe the long-range future of Formula 5000 is pretty darn bright."

So these rapid upstarts, with their belching stock-block engines, may lack the panache of their Indy and Grand Prix cousins, but in terms of sheer, eyeball-bulging, eardrum-busting, automotive drama, they give way to nobody. And that sort of assault on the senses is what motor racing is all about. **END**



Mike Schamroth, a diamond dealer, opened the vault at Buchanan Bank and fished out a gem—the heaviest tarpon of the tournament's first day.

THE REAL THING AT ISLAMORADA

A big man in Coca-Cola, Carl Navarre won some bets with his comping friends by bottling up the Islamorada Invitational Tarpon Fly Championship for the second time with a record-breaking catch **by CLIVE GAMMON**

From the helicopter chattering 300 feet above it, the sea floor is a bacterial culture in a biochemist's dish. There are blossoms of viridian green, patches of khaki, blotches of sepia, gray and dull white. The sea, flooding in twice a day through dark channels around a pattern of low mangrove islands, barely covers its bed. It would be very easy to assume that the Back Country of the Florida Keys is a barren marine waste. That notion would be far from correct.

The airstream, slamming through the open window of the little chopper, makes it hard to hear what fellow passengers are saying, but there is no difficulty in picking up Carl Navarre's excited shout. "Over there!" he yells. "On your left! A whole pod of them!" The helicopter cants over, slides down to 100 feet, and there the tarpon are—25, possibly 30 of them, black shadows moving with majesty along a channel edge. The lead fish must be better than 150 pounds, and it gets its measure of awed, silent respect before

Navarre snags everyone out of it. "All right," he says, "now let's go check out Sandy Key."

This was Sunday of last week, the eve of the Islamorada Invitational Tarpon Fly Championship, a five-day event that involves only 25 anglers, 25 guides and 25 boats, yet is arguably the most demanding saltwater tournament fished in the world. Only fly tackle may be used, and the leader must incorporate a section of 15-pound test. To receive an invitation to fish, it is necessary to have impeccable angling credentials, which will have been thoroughly scrutinized. Not surprising, since one would be fishing in the company of such men as Jim Lopez of Coral Gables, Fla., who holds more than a dozen world fly rod records including both tarpon (162½ pounds) and bonefish (13¼ pounds), and other luminaries of the saltwater fly-fishing scene like Al Pflueger, whose father founded the famed taxidermy company, Ben Hardisty of Shakespeare Company,

Billy Pate, who has caught both black and striped marlin on a fly rod, and Navarre, who had won the tournament in 1969 and whose helicopter reconnaissance of Islamorada waters immediately before the contest is an indication of the intensity of preparations.

Undeniably, it is also helpful if one has a lot of money. At the pretournament dinner for past champions the talk ran casually to salmon fishing in Iceland, hunting in Alaska, shooting birds in East Africa, not competitively but as the normal currency of conversation. There was some heavy-muscled side betting: one wager, struck between Navarre, who is chairman of the board of the Miami Coca-Cola Bottling Company, and Dan Hawley, a retired executive, ran to \$10 per pound on tarpon brought to the dock. And there were plenty of others. According to Jack Kertz, chairman of the tournament, the immediate expense of fishing the five days runs around \$2,000. It can be somewhat more if, as Lopez

is alleged to have done, you put in 40 days of practice, with boat and guide, ahead of the competition.

All the money in the world, however, will not put you out of range, should you deserve it, of the sharp tongues of the guides at Islamorada, who form an aristocracy of their own; men like Jim Brewer, Ed Wightman, Hank Brown and the formidable Jimmy Albright, who twice steered Ted Williams to victory—in 1965 and 1967—and was with Al Pfeuger when he won in 1972. There's no more democratic place in the country than the inside of a tarpon skiff once it is headed out from the jetty. And, although the fishing is in deadly earnest, there is an engagingly friendly informality. It all starts with a pretty girl who flags away the first boats at 6:30 a.m.

In most years there is an advantage in drawing an early start. One of the most desirable places to fish is Buchanan Bank, on the edge of the Back Country, which is what the guides call the grounds on the gulf side of the Keys, a tarpon-rich area of flats and channels that stretches out for more than 20 miles before the open sea is reached. You might not see more fish on Buchanan than you would at Sandy Key Basin, Palm Lake or Long Key, but for some reason, connected possibly with the color of the bottom or of the water, tarpon will take more boldly there than anywhere else. And one section of Buchanan—the Pocket, they call it—is more productive than any other. So, normally, if you are first away, you roar out to Buchanan and stake your claim.

Last week, though, the timing of the tides meant that the Pocket would probably not begin to produce fish until about lunchtime—and fishing stopped at 3 p.m. So there was a difficult decision to be made. Would it make sense to stake out the Pocket early, knowing full well that the whole morning was likely to be blank, in the hope that an eager eater would be cruising along at noon? Or go, let's say, to Sandy Key and see fish right through the morning, even though they might not be as sure takers? On the first day Mike Schamroth, a New York diamond importer, decided to take the first alternative.

He had the long, hot morning he expected, perched high and precariously on a cooler box in the bow for enhanced visibility, his fly line coiled on the deck of the skiff ready to shoot as soon as a long,



"Lopez money" brought Navarre a smile.

dark tarpon shape came sliding down the edge of the channel into range. Sometimes, not with hope of a fish but to break the monotony, he laid out the No. 11 slow sinker. Throwing a lure for tarpon isn't as pretty to watch as casting to a trout. Often there is no time for a graceful, ar-

tistic presentation. The angler may have only seconds to act when he sees a cruiser just within range, sometimes on the wrong side of the wind. He double-hauls fast and hard, shooting the big streamer or bucktail on a 4/0 hook ahead of the fish's path so that he can twitch it into tantalizing movement at precisely the right moment. It is a very demanding skill.

Schamroth's talent was finally brought into play a little after 1 p.m., when the first tarpon to move along Buchanan Bank turned slightly off course and sucked in the red streamer. The fish acted classically, holding steady at first while Schamroth struck again and again to set the hook, then jumping clear of the water twice before steaming powerfully north. The gaff went in after 40 minutes of play—an 85½-pounder, easily qualifying as a weight fish to be brought to the dock. Seventy pounds is the minimum for this tournament. Fish under this weight are returned alive and earn points as releases. Schamroth, with a manic grin,

continued

Navarre's biggest fish managed to escape a hammerhead but fell to Guide Ed Wightman's gaff.



flung himself into the water to cool off.

His tarpon proved the heaviest fish of a modest first day, though Pflueger had points for two released fish to add to those gained for his 77-pound keeper. But other anglers favored in the betting—Hardisty, Pate and Lopez among them—had taken only releases that would, under the complicated scoring system, not begin to count for points until the anglers had landed a qualifying 70-pound-plus fish to go with them. And Navarre had an even worse day. He had landed and brought ashore a fish that he and his guide, Ed Wightman, believed would be a weight fish. It wasn't. It went just four ounces under 70 pounds, Navarre incur-

1,190 points and put him in second place.

The tournament scoring system is heavily weighted in favor of big individual fish. Minimum qualifiers, from 70 to 85 pounds, earn only five points per pound; tarpon between 85 and 100 pounds, 7½ points; from 100 to 120 pounds, 10 points; from 120 pounds to 140 pounds, 12½ points. Monsters from 140 pounds upward earn 15 points a pound. Releases add 175 points to the total as long as the contestant has landed the required weight fish.

It's a definite advantage that the pocket calculator was invented in time for the tournament, and maybe Navarre was busy with his. In any event, his tactics were becoming clear—an all-or-nothing approach aimed at catching big fish with little regard for piling up release points. Naturally, though, a man has to locate big, undisturbed tarpon before he can catch them, and the talk around the Islamorada Fishing Club that night was that Navarre had done just this, possibly through the helicopter survey, but probably not, since he had headed away in a different direction for the second day's fishing. What Navarre had done, in fact, was locate a school of very big fish at a place in the Back Country known as Man-of-War Key and on the third morning of the tournament, Wednesday, he headed there again. He took another secret with him as well—a black and red streamer fly called Black Death.

He was confident that no one would think of Man-of-War in tournament terms. The area is certainly a prolific yielder of tarpon in April and May, but most anglers believe the fish move on by mid-June. Navarre knew better. On Wednesday morning he was out there by 7:05. Light conditions were poor, but good enough to show up rolling fish—tarpon head-and-tailing like salmon. Later Wightman would pole Navarre along to look for laid-up tarpon, fish that hang steadily in the tide as if resting. A laid-up fish is almost always a sure taker if the fly is properly presented and twitched past its nose.

A minute after Navarre arrived, though, a lot of his self-possession was gone. Somehow or other, his fly box had been left ashore. There were just three flies in the boat. One of them, however, was the tattered Black Death that had killed the 120-pounder the day before. Wightman tied that on, then stood up to look for fish while Navarre rigged the

ship-to-shore radio mast. If he could raise the Yacht Basin, somebody might be able to run his box out to him.

In fly-fishing for tarpon, situations develop with extreme rapidity. All in one second the radiophone was dangling off the hook, the mast was crashing to the deck and Navarre was frantically getting his line out in response to Wightman's yelling. Ahead was a big school of tarpon, moving slowly, great fish showing their dark tails, swirling with their shoulders. There was time for a second cast when the first drew a blank, and this time the graphite fly rod went over hard and Navarre hit the fish again and again. Wightman said, "I hope it's one of those big lazy old cow fish we can kill easy, not some young bull teenager that's going to beat us all up." It wasn't either. It was big, but enormously strong and active.

Navarre stood in the bow and fought it for an hour and 35 minutes, thinking all the time of the extra hazards outside the angler's skill or the quality of his tackle that can lose him a big tarpon through no fault of his own. A raft of weed on the line, or perhaps, as had happened to him in extraordinary fashion in the 1974 tournament, a small barracuda or a mackerel, attracted by the bubbles the line makes as it cleaves the water, cutting right through it. The hazard, when it came, was different—with the tarpon close to the boat, a big hammerhead shark swung at it and missed. Wightman started the motor to scare it off. The strategy, fortunately, worked. A mutilated tarpon cannot be weighed in. This one was fine. The scales gave it 121 pounds, enough to push it into the 12½-pound category. Navarre now had a very solid lead, even though Pate had had a good day with smaller fish, had taken a 78-pounder and two releases that qualified for points. Hardisty, unhappily, had blanked out. The only question now was how well Pflueger had done. He hadn't returned by 4:30 p.m. "He's into a big fish," everybody said. The tournament rules allow an angler to play out a tarpon if he has hooked it before 3 p.m.

Pflueger had, indeed, had a fine tarpon on. Later he estimated it at well over 130 pounds. But its hooking ended in an ugly scene. Jimmy Albright, going in with the gaff, had been pulled off balance by the thrashing of the fish and had fallen into the water. As he grabbed for the tarpon, the gaff point had gone into his leg, and Pflueger, trying to save him, knew-

continued



Black Death is the fly at lower right.

ring a penalty of 10 points and losing the 175 points the tarpon would have earned as a released fish. At the end of the day only two anglers, Schamroth and Pflueger, had points on the board. No significant trend was yet observable.

But on Tuesday, Hardisty came in with a 103½-pound fish which, together with the releases, gave him 1,740 points and the lead. Schamroth, fishing Buchanan again, had another weight fish of 79 pounds, and Pate had opened his score with a 72-pounder. Almost last into the dock was Navarre. He and Wightman had a mighty 120-pounder to haul up to the scales. It gave Navarre a count of

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ing that Albright could barely swim, had snatched the handle of the gaff, driving the point in still further. He finally hauled Jimmy out, he said, and he still doesn't know where the strength came from. Other guides shook their heads. Jimmy, said one, had always tended to try to gaff fish that were still green. Once he had one in the boat for Ted Williams in three minutes. This fish, though, had been on for 2½ hours. Regretfully, Pflueger decided to retire from the tournament. Albright retired to the hospital where he had 15 stitches put into his wound.

Thursday saw Navarre increase his lead still further. Yet another fine tarpon, of 16½ pounds, gave him 3,872½ points, a tournament record, with a full day still left for fishing. His nearest rival was now Pate, with only three released fish and no qualifiers. On Wednesday he had lost nine of the 10 fish he hooked. Unexpectedly gratified was Dr. C.J. Tegtmeyer from Charlottesville, Va., who, fishing Channel Two more or less blind, found himself presented with a 17½-pound permit—a rarity taken on fly.

Friday was hot and still. Bad conditions. The tides were beginning to deteriorate also, so far as good fishing was concerned. There was still a chance, though, that Pate, given a fish of 100 pounds or more, together with some releases, could make it. The odds went down a little when Navarre's boat, *Back-fish*, was first home, with Wightman giving the thumbs-down sign. Seven fish hooked, none landed. The other boats came in one by one. No sign of Pate. He could be fighting a big fish, the crowd on the jetty told itself, as it always did when a bout was late.

But there was no last-minute drama when Pate finally eased around the jetty into the basin. "Just one release," he said. He didn't seem unhappy. Among the last stragglers was Lopez, and for the first time in the tournament he had a weight fish in his boat. Barely a weight fish: just 72 pounds. He went straight up to Navarre on the jetty and congratulated him. "Lopez money," Navarre said. "It's hard to get your hands on Lopez money." He was grand champion for the second time and captor of the biggest fish. Perhaps that small moment, though, was equal to either achievement. **END**

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VIOLENT RETURN TO A TROUBLED PAST

The California oil town had a history of Klan-inspired turmoil before a lynch mob drove out the only blacks—13 local junior college athletes

by JOE JARES

Tucked away in the southwest corner of California's long San Joaquin Valley, the community of Taft sits atop an ocean of oil called the Midway-Sunset field, which produced its billionth barrel seven years ago and is still gushing along. Bigger than the dusty hamlets in *The Lost Picture Show* but smaller than the city in *American Graffiti*, Taft, with its more than 20 churches and its like number of cinderblock, windowless bars, could be mistaken for any one of a thousand other places were it not for the oil rigs bobbing up and down like giant grasshoppers right outside the city limits. But more than just oil is hidden beneath that small-town-America surface in Taft. There is also an under-



current of bigotry, violence and fear.

The Ku Klux Klan, which spread its poison in the West just as it did in other parts of the country, had an active chapter in Taft, not many years after the town's name was changed from Moron. In the early 1920s people were flogged with knotted ropes, tarred and feathered, and ordered out of town by hooded vigilantes, some of whom turned out to be sheriff's deputies. One Klansman was sent to San Quentin prison, but was later retried and acquitted. Another, who said he was proud of the KKK and was kept in public office, has a nearby landmark, Mount Abel, named for him. In fact, Taft long had a reputation as a Jim Crow town that required blacks to leave by dusk.

Among some local troublemakers, the hatred has not simmered down. On a recent weekend 13 Taft College black athletes—the only blacks in town—were driven out by a lynch mob. A white man suffered a shotgun wound in his neck, more than 20 white students were so intimidated that they left school before final exams were over, and the editor of the local newspaper was beaten up. This is the story of how the spirit of the Klan rode again in Taft.

With a full-time enrollment of about 400, Taft College is one of the smallest junior colleges in the state. Although the school draws most of its students from the town and nearby Maricopa, Taft's athletic teams are members of a strong league. One of the ways they stay reasonably competitive is by bringing in out-of-area athletes, many of them black, recruited by Taft alumni from as far away as Brooklyn, Miami and Altoona, Pa. Taft is one of the few California JCs that offers dormitory rooms and free textbooks to its students, and it has a minor reputation for sending athletes on to bigger things. Willie Crittendon, a black tackle from Alabama, was named Citizen of the Year in 1967 by the Taft District Chamber of Commerce and went on to star at the University of Tulsa. Jim Krieg, a white football player from New York, played at Taft before he became Sonny Siskiller's favorite receiver at the University of Washington.

Taft had a poor 1-8 record in football last season, but there have been some moments of glory. The Cougars won the



Now working in the oil fields, Taft College athletes Marvin Williams, Joe Williams and Thomas Jefferson visited their coach last week and said they may come back in the fall.

1966 Wool Bowl in Roswell, N. Mex. Taft once finished No. 3 among the nation's JCs, and the school has turned out many more JC All-Americans than might be expected for a college its size.

There have been incidents of racism in town in recent years, most of them threatening phone calls or verbal abuse from the lunatic fringe. Two coeds from Thailand were frightened by nasty comments hurled at them on the city's streets and thereafter stuck to the campus or the nearby shopping center. Many of the blacks on the football team quit school in the middle of last season after a dispute with Athletic Director-Coach Tom Harrell and his staff, but that disagreement had nothing to do with the ugly events of Sunday, May 25.

There had been a rumor in Taft that a white girl was pregnant by one of the blacks. (After the events of late May, a black football player confirmed that the rumor was true, and added that he and

others had tried to talk the girl into having an abortion, but she had refused.) Talk of the pregnancy may or may not have set off the explosion, but the sight of blacks socializing with white girls had caused smoldering resentment. On Friday night, May 23, black basketball player Joe Williams, a student from Los Angeles, was at the Sno-White drive-in on Center Street with a visiting black girl friend. A white man threw a beer bottle at them which missed by a wide margin. Williams and the girl left and drove to Bakersfield, 40 miles away.

At about five the following Sunday afternoon police were called to break up a dispute on Center Street between a large group of whites and three blacks, football player Joe Rhone of Fort Wayne, Ind., football-basketball player Jerry Cooper of Las Vegas and Dennis King, a visitor from Bakersfield College. A little more than an hour later, when Rhone and his two friends left his apartment to

continued

walk to the school, Rhone was carrying a pool-cue case containing a loaded, sawed-off 12-gauge shotgun. The three later told police that they had suddenly found themselves hemmed in by several carloads of screaming assailants. They escaped, but were surrounded again a few moments later in the 500 block of Seventh Street. A fight erupted and Rhone says he sustained a knife wound in his hand. It was then that he began using his pool-cue case as a club. As Rhone swung the case, the shotgun discharged, seriously wounding a 22-year-old white named Doug Henry in the neck.

The three blacks escaped to the one-story college dormitory located just a few blocks down Seventh Street past Taft Union High School and were picked up there by the police. Rhone was later

booked at the Bakersfield jail on suspicion of attempted murder and one white youth was arrested for disturbing the peace.

Shortly after the shooting, 40 to 60 angry white men converged on the dorm yelling, "Kill the niggers!" A handful of blacks who had not gone elsewhere for the weekend hid in the recreation room near the lobby while football-baseball player Craig Tinson of Sacramento, Calif., stepped out to try to reason with the mob. Tinson, an articulate freshman, had just been elected Student Activities Coordinator for next fall, but the crowd was not interested in listening to his speech. He was chased across Emmons Park Drive toward the Westside Shopping Center. Tinson's superior conditioning and running speed were all that allowed him to survive what he later described as "the scariest time in my life."

Before Tinson could be cornered, a white football teammate picked him up in a car and drove him to the police station for his own protection. Police soon broke up the crowd that had remained and continued to yell threats in front of the dorm. The few black students still trapped inside were taken to the station in protective custody. The police suggested—but did not demand—that the blacks allow themselves to be escorted to Bakersfield, and the students agreed, most of them indicating they would return home rather than risk going back to the school. Four blacks who had gone away for the weekend were called by friends and told that they had better stay where they were. Steve Maston, an excellent running back from nearby Wasco, did not get the word, and he drove back to school Sunday night. He was chased by three cars carrying a total of five white men but managed to escape.

The town's 4,000-circulation newspaper, the *Daily Midway Driller*, ran a sub-headed account of the incidents that was written by Editor Dennis McCall. McCall, a tall, skinny 33-year-old who is growing a beard for Taft's "Oldorado" celebration coming up in October, is a third-generation Taftian. His grandfather, Red, was an oil driller in the Midway-Sunset field, and his father, Jack, worked in the oil fields for 33 years until his retirement. Jack McCall is now a night supervisor in the college dorm. Dennis McCall, who is also president of the college Booster Club, published an

editorial on the near lynching in his paper:

"What happened here last Sunday is a sickening reminder of our earlier days when a local faction of the Ku Klux Klan tried to force this city to accept its version of 'justice'."

"Evidently, the national tragedies of the last decade have taught some of us very little. The ideal of equal rights means nothing when ignorance and superstition prevail."

"This is 1975, not 1920, and still a crowd is able to force black residents to leave Taft in fear of their lives. There are strong indications this group does not intend to stop there either. . . ."

Unfortunately, McCall was right. On Tuesday night a pickup truck cruised by the dormitory. Since the blacks' departure, "nigger-loving" white students at the college had become targets for verbal abuse. This time someone in a crowd of white students standing outside the dorm foolishly yelled out a challenge. McCall was among the group and decided he had better cross the street and get away from the impending confrontation. That, too, was a mistake. The truck backed up and out jumped Rick Riddick, 22, who chased after McCall yelling, "Hey, you're the bleep-bleep we're after. You're the nigger-lover that put that article in the paper."

Riddick caught McCall, threw him against a car with enough force to put a dent in it, knocked him down with a punch to the left temple and continued to pound him while he was on the ground. The college students later told McCall they could not come to his aid because a man in the back of the truck was holding a gun on them.

For the next few nights McCall and his wife lived with the fear that someone would fire-bomb their house. They slept with a softball bat and a fire extinguisher at the side of their bed, but refused a friend's offer of a gun. Nonetheless, McCall had the courage to press charges against Riddick, a shop foreman who had lost his job because of publicity about the incident. Riddick turned conciliatory later in the week and beseeched the editor to drop the case. Remembering the viciousness of the attack and still feeling the bruises, McCall refused. Riddick pleaded guilty to assault and battery, was fined \$250 and was ordered to pay for repairs to both McCall and the dented



Editor McCall spoke out and was beaten up.

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car. He probably would have been jailed as well, but McCall requested that Riddick only be put on probation, because he had a wife and two children. The judge agreed.

Riddick quickly found a job in the oil fields and insisted that the judge's decision to go along with the editor's request for leniency was proof that he had been "screwed."

"Hell, it wasn't nothin' but a fistfight, and I got fired from my job," Riddick said. "He told 'em not to put me in jail, and when someone has that much stroke, you know what that can do."

By the end of that week Henry, who is unemployed and was described by Taft police as a constant troublemaker, was recovering from his gunshot wound in a Bakersfield hospital. Rhone was released from jail after the authorities had decided that he had been carrying an unconcealed, legal weapon that had fired accidentally, and that he had acted in self-defense. Rhone's shotgun was not returned to him, however. And the college issued a statement:

"The Taft College community is genuinely concerned about the events of Sunday evening that resulted in the forced departure of all black students from our campus and community.

"The ideal of this country is freedom and equality for all. We of this college resolve that each student must be treated with fairness and understanding.

"We appreciate the support which the community has given Taft College in the past, and we ask that the community continue to help us maintain an atmosphere in which all students may pursue an education without fear."

Police Chief Walter McKee had thought that once the blacks were out of town, he and his eight officers could go back to their regular job of breaking up burroom brawls. "Taft is notorious rough country," he said. "This is an oil town. Heck, we have a dozen fights some nights."

Gary Lundahl, the head basketball coach and an assistant football coach at the college, remembers going into a bar called the Brass Rail early in his stay in Taft. "I thought I'd go down Center Street there, stop in a bar and have a beer," he says. "I walked in and sat down. Two or three beers later somebody got mad at somebody else and they walked outside to fight.

"The whole place just emptied out. The bartender said, 'Your drinks!' and everybody just lined up their drinks as they walked out. I thought, 'Evidently, they must do this all the time!'"

Rut Lundahl insists that almost all the trouble in Taft is caused by only a few people. "They're a bunch of thugs," he says. "They've been beating up on whites for years. Nobody does much about it."

The thugs, some unemployed, some oil-field workers, some possibly on dope, have their favorite hangouts. The Sno-White drive-in at the west end of Center Street attracts some of them, as does an abandoned gas station a few blocks away. And, of course, there are the ubiquitous bars, at least one of which has plywood where its windows used to be, because the glass was broken so frequently during brawls.

"The town rednecks sweat all day in the fields and come home to see these black kids playing football and getting a free education," said a school official. "They are outclassed in their own town and they can't take it."

It is obviously not easy for blacks to live in this atmosphere. A black family that moved in and opened a small restaurant remained only about a year. The college's only black coed this year, who was a cheerleader, lasted one semester and took a job in San Francisco.

One problem is Taft's isolation. There is no bus service in or out on Sundays or holidays. The black athletes at the college, almost all of whom are from far bigger cities, have nothing to do but hang around the campus or walk to the Recreation Center not far from the Brass Rail. Most Sundays some of them eat lunch or dinner at Mrs. Bonnie Beety's home at the opposite end of Center Street from the Sno-White.

Mrs. Beety is married to a half-Filipino, half-Caucasian, and she has heard her share of racial slurs. "Yes, there's definitely a very large element of racism in Taft," she says. "Because Taft has always been all white, there is not only racism, but there is just no idea of any other way to live. They have never been exposed to ethnic minorities in any great number.

"There definitely is a good element in town. We have never been forced before this to stand up and take a poll of where each individual stands, so I could not speak with any accuracy as to whether



Incidents began at this aptly named drive-in.

the good element is the majority or the minority.

"It's been said in the last five years tensions have grown here, and I think probably they have increased because before then it was not *thought of* for a black to date a white. In Taft it's still a taboo. Interracial dating—not even necessarily dating, just boys and girls going someplace together in an interracial group—will upset people."

Last week in Taft there were signs that the decent citizens might be sufficiently aroused to stand up to the neo-Klansmen, and not let the college and the town become even more *sno-white*. The City Council asked for a Kern County grand jury investigation. And Angel M. Alderete of the U.S. Justice Department's San Francisco office will be sending in a community-relations team.

"Law enforcement officials and interested folks are going to see that this doesn't happen again," Alderete said after a visit to Taft. "If the city and the school need to develop a contingency plan for reintegration, we will be available to help them."

And Alderete indicated he would meet with the young white Taft toughs. "I

continued



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VIOLENT RETURN *(continued)*

think they should be aware we are there and that, according to the Constitution and the laws of the country, this is not going to be allowed," he said.

There was a petition being passed around Taft last week asking that "the small group of radicals who in the past have threatened the students and upset the entire community" be punished.

Coaches Harrell and Lundahl were encouraged and began getting in touch with their black athletes to discuss their coming back. Word came from Miami that Rudolph Henderson, a running back, and his teammate Keith Mitchell would return to study and compete in football and track. And two more Miami athletes, one black and one white, were going to come with them.

Basketball defensive standout Joe Williams of Los Angeles, Marvin Williams, a football and basketball player from Wasco, and Thomas Jefferson, a basketball player from L.A., have summer jobs working in the oil fields not far from Taft. They visited Lundahl last week, indicated that they probably will return next fall, and received a loan from the Booster Club to tide them over until their first paychecks come through. According to Lundahl and Harrell, some others have said they would not let "a bunch of rednecks" keep them out.

"Whether it's been a death blow or birth pangs, I don't know," says Mrs. Beatty. "I pray it's a good beginning."

There remains the question of whether petitions and community-relations teams can do anything to bring reason to the barroom brawlers and hogs. Tinson said from his home that he is transferring to Sacramento City College. "I don't think any black should report to Taft anymore," he said. "How can they guarantee our safety?"

"They're not ready for it," added Rhone, who is home in Indiana and says he is trying to get a scholarship to Ohio State, even though he had not played much at Taft and had quit the team.

"I don't think it will be safe for me or any other black person in Taft for at least a couple of years," said Steve Blackburn, a tennis player from Sacramento. "Those who cause trouble just won't let up."

From his hospital bed in Bakersfield, Doug Henry agreed. "If they come back—and I'm not trying to stir things up because I'm out of it—somebody is going to get killed."

END

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THE GLASS MENAGERIE

Caged together and put on exhibit for the fans, jai alai pros are models of decorum, only letting fly—at 150 mph—in their dicey, siambang game

by D. KEITH MANO

SERVE

11



Click. At 5:30 p.m. the key is turned on them. For eight hours, by Florida law, they are incarcerated: 40-odd jai alai players, innocent scapegoats of the only sport in the U.S. designed for men to bet legally on men. At the renowned Miami Fronton they might just as well be running a Peter Pan ride at Walt Disney World. No mustaches or beards; hair mustn't overlap the ear; sideburns monitored more carefully than the critical mass of an atomic pile. It's the image. After all, a clean-shaven man looks more honest. Remember Nixon's five o'clock shadow?

If wife or father places even a \$2 bet, the husband or son conceivably could be barred from jai alai. Players are not allowed to show emotion in public. Well, a whacked thigh is permissible. One whack anyway. Perhaps the helmet can be wrenched off in pique. More dramat-

ic expressions of disgust draw a fine. When they sit in the players' cage, protected by thick glass like so many Eichmanns on trial, the players' manager, their very punctilious alma pater, darts glances back at them through a big rear-view mirror—the kind you see in supermarkets where shoplifting is prosecuted to the full extent. They can't stare out at the crowd or make amiable hand gestures or even wink at the groupies who adore noisily just 10 feet away. Of course, you say, this is because jai alai has been shot through with fixed games. Of course, you're wrong. In more than 40 years there hasn't been a single scandal. As Milt Roth, Miami's very bearded public-relations head, will tell you, "We're superconscious. We try to keep these guys as clean as possible. We overemphasize and overstress some of these things."

Pedro Mir is players' manager at Mi-

ami. It's an impossible job, and Pedro Mir has been doing it for 42 years, sometimes 16 hours a day. A burly, expensive, cheerful man Jolly, with a caroming chuckle Jolly, but tough. Very tough. A disciplinarian. "Every play that is played and everything that happens on the court, I know," he says. When he's not glancing over his shoulder in the players' box, he's watching on a closed-circuit TV beside his desk. As for the Eisenhower-age grooming standards, he says, "I want to do it like that and they don't give me much trouble about it. They understand it and I think they look better." Then, confidentially, as your doctor would speak, "It's better for them because wearing the helmet and perspiring with too much hair, it's bad, it's anti-hygienic." Try telling Joe Namath that he's anti-hygienic.

Mir can get away with it. You see,

continued

RANDY LAZENBY (SERVING, LEFT) SHARES MANY OF THE MISGIVINGS OF THE MEN WHO SIT UNDER LOCK AND KEY BETWEEN GAMES





three-quarters of his players are Basque. (The fourth quarter are Mexican, South American and French. There are just three Americans, one born in Cuba.) For the Basque, strictness and discipline are national traits. One Basque player explains, "We have very tough fathers and we respect everybody." Sometimes one parent will emigrate as chaperon. How can you keep 'em down on a farm after they've seen the Eden Roc? Mir makes no apologies. Scouting is a part of his job, and, he says, "We keep the history of everyone, and before any player goes to one of our schools we screen them. They must come from a very reliable family."

The players respect Pedro Mir, who was American singles and doubles champ twice. Yet the respect is part fear, part anger. Mir belongs to management. Agui alai player is paid according to performance, so much for so many wins, places, shows over a season. You can't win if you don't play, and Mir decides how often you play; just the first two games maybe, or five times, including the prestigious 10th and 12th games. It's the difference between a clammer at Hialeah and the featured eighth race. Better players play more. They get better and they get better. It's a vicious round robin. Mir is also the handicapper. By maneuvering post positions and doubles partners (there are very few singles games) he can balance the competition. "Right now I have players who want me to put them in more games, but I don't have room for them. I have to look at the business. I have to put games together that people will bet on." At the Miami frontons you don't say play me or trade me.

In 1968, three weeks before the season opened, Miami's roster went on strike. The action was well organized. Five of six frontons in Florida went out. Pedro Mir sighs, "They wanted 33% of the business and, not only that, they wanted only four players to be changed every year. They were very close friends of mine. They were very nice people. They were wrong." So, as the old joke goes, management put all its Basques in one exit. Three weeks later it had rounded up 40 lukewarm bodies from Spain, Mexico, Italy, the Philippines, France. Though these scabs were inept by com-

WORLD CLASS MEN: ENRIQUE BERROJALBIZ IN BACKCOURT, JOEY CONNELL IN FRONT



EVEN SAVVY BETTORS WHO ATTEND THE MIAMI FRONTON PLAY NUMBERS GAME

parison, the season opened on time. Good athletes make the game more exciting, more credible to the gambler, but most jai alai bettors play numbers, and a 2-6 quimsela by any other name is a 2-6 quimsela.

Now the parent firm, World Jai Alai Inc., owns four frontons. Two are winter operations, Miami and Tampa. Fort Pierce and Ocala are open now, but both are modest arenas. Fort Pierce's capacity being only 2,500 compared to Miami's 14,000. Local interest is minimal and the summer frontons must draw from Miami and Palm Beach. Sometime during 1976 World Jai Alai plans to open a fifth fronton in, of all places, Hartford, Conn. An average player takes down \$15,000 net in the four-month winter season. Las foreigners on visas, the corporation must guarantee their income taxes, so every salary is "grossed up.") Players then have the option of working, presumably at reduced wages, in the summer frontons. The jai alai player suspects he is grossly (or netly) underpaid. The Miami fronton alone will handle \$47 million this year: 12%, to the corporation, 5%, to the state. Do a little multiplication. Those figures aren't petty cash. No question, should another strike occur, World Jai Alai Inc. would find, invent, disaster un-

other 40 or 80 or 120 players, even if Pedro Miranda a beardless Milt Roth had to go one-on-one for 12 games per night. Jai alai has become a very big business.

Very big, also very beautiful. And, like most beautiful things, dangerous. Just north of Miami, in the rival Duma fronton, there was a display of bulletproof glass shattered by jai alai balls moving at 150 mph. The ball (pelota) is made of Brazilian rubber and is hand-stitched baseball style. But it is three-quarters as big as a baseball, 10 times the price (about \$70 each) and harder than a golf ball. The combination of speed, size and hardness is savage. This year, in the Orlando fronton, one player lost an eye. Last year a pelota, which had already traveled 176 feet, hit the players' cage wiring with such velocity that it expanded the diamond mesh. Pedro Mir got 27 stitches in his forehead and the players' cage got a glass barrier. Even with mandatory helmets, the pelota can kill. The basket (cesta) looks rather like a 1921 Stutz Bearcat front fender. Cestas are ribbed. On just an ordinary throw, the ribbing produces English harder to read than Chaucer. From the players' cage you can watch pelotas jump and flutter. Imagine Wilbur Wood throwing half again as fast as Nolan Ryan. It's a won-

der the players can see the hall, let alone return it.

Yet they do more than that. Backcourt men climb the long sidewall, catch the ball and in one motion return it more than 150 feet before the pelota succumbs to gravity. Often on rebote shots to return from the back wall, frontcourt men will sprawl headlong, snag and hurl the ball to the front wall, like violent sleepers turning over in bed. It's spectacular and getting more so. Joey Cornblat, an 18-year-old American of Israeli parentage, has changed the game single-handedly. Spanish jai alai is played in 30-point paradas; energy conservation enforced a defensive strategy. Each point, however, is crucial in the American round-robin version. Milt Roth loves it: "Joey attacks these guys, he doesn't give them the chance to catch the ball two times. He's going to put you out as soon as he possibly can or you're going to put him out." At 18 Joey ranks with the world's top ten frontcourt men. "He made these guys realize that the catch-and-throw style of jai alai is going to end."

That's up front, on court. Off court, in the players' room, you'd get more thrills waiting in line for your unemployment check. Newsmen can enter only after a Florida Racing Commission rep-

PHOTOGRAPH BY



representative has been informed, the doors being unlocked, then quickly locked again. The room is quiet; it reminds one of a bus station after midnight. Now and again there will be howled Basque expletives, some loser who has repressed his exasperation until he is offstage. Three or four play a form of Spanish gin rummy. The cards seem unscrupulous, being marked with vegetables and fruits, not numbers. The game doesn't interest the players much. Others desultorily watch a large color TV.

For players who are through after Game Two or Three, there's a four-hour wait. When there are matinees some players are locked in at noon, and though the racing commission, with exorbitant graciousness, lets them out to eat between sessions, it's a long work shift. Tensions accumulate: players grow to dislike other players. They become snappish, like the crew of a submarine under depth-charge attack. Practical jokes are engineered. Nothing will affect a player's game more radically than Gillette Foamy shave cream squirted in his cesta. Milt Roth says, "The classic, of course, is if you've got a good cesta and they know it and you're winning; they'll sit down on the cesta and break it."

Randy Lazenby, another American, who at 23 looks like a young James Cagney, isn't in Cornblit's class. He's above average, perhaps, and this has been his first really good season. In fact, Lazenby was one of those lukewarm bodies management scrounged up after the 1968 strike. "I would've liked a little more experience as an amateur, but I had to take the chance when they offered it to me," he says. With 75 wins at Miami, Lazenby was playing Games One through Four and, as a bonus, Pedro Mir had been giving him starts in the important 10th game. Milt Roth says that a summer at Fort Pierce improved him, but when pressed Lazenby says only, "I found the magic. It's up here." And it must be: confidence, concentration. Jai alai players have the same bangups that pinch hitters have. Endless readiness. For eight hours of waiting, there are at most five or six minutes of actual play. Lose one point in an eight-term round robin and

you go to the end of the line, where you sit hoping that no one will run up a winning seven points before your next chance comes.

Even after a raise this year, Lazenby says, "I don't feel I'm well compensated, but every player who is here will tell you the same thing. Cestas cost \$50. You play with one for a week and it's ready to be thrown away. It's just too weak. The Basques manage to save money; they find ways. I don't know how. I'm always short."

And, always short, Lazenby has to wel-come the matinee season. "So many games that you forget what day it is," he says. "I've always felt it gives me more chance to win more games." There are no hair-oil commercials for jai alai players. Sporting-goods stores in Miami don't stock "Joey" or "Randy" cestas. Though World Jai Alai Inc. operates its own schools here and in Europe, few American teen-agers are attracted; little TV coverage, only abate summaries in the papers, no college scholarships. There are few coaching or management jobs for the retired jai alai player. "I don't think I'll find my future in the U.S.," Lazenby says.

Has he ever been hit? Randy frowns, as if at an indelicate remark. "You never think about it." He pauses. "You never think about it."

Jai alai patrons are as diverse as fingerprints. Dania is to Miami roughly as Monticello, N.Y., on a Saturday night is to Aqueduct on a Saturday afternoon. The Dania bettor seems less experienced, more a tourist, more white. You see lots of gray hair at the open sport-shirt neck, cigars, pinkie rings, black socks and white shoes. Women are evening-dressed, with the inevitable light sweater, there being only two weathers in Florida: air-conditioned and not air-conditioned. Dania, though smaller, does very good business, but the players, many of whom are first-rate, remain pretty much anonymous. You hear, "Come on, No. 31" not "Come on, Urquidí" or "Come on, Urbar!"

At the Miami fronton there are many more Latin and black clients with shirts open not only at the neck but three, four buttons down. The Miami fan, like the Knick fan, is much more sophisticated. He knows the players; he can give an intelligent Bronx cheer. Before Batista lost

out to Castro, Havana had the world's best jai alai. Miami's Cuban community provides a hard core of fans, also a softer core of groupies who flash their qualifications night after night outside the players' cage.

In March in Miami the average attendance is 10,000 on Friday and Saturday nights and bettors need a Larry Little ahead of them to reach the windows. Florida law requires a 12:30 closing (midnight on Saturdays). If one game runs long, over 20 minutes, it can cost World Jai Alai Inc. as much as \$40,000 worth of betting time. The arena, which dates from 1925, can't be expanded.

No question about it, dollar for dollar jai alai offers the very best way to lose money. Two dollars will buy you 15 minutes of ferocious action, compared to about a minute and a half of horses or two minutes of dogs.

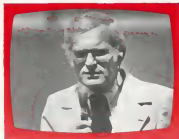
It hasn't been easy. L. Stanley (Buddy) Berenson, chairman of Miami Jai Alai, is a handsome and personable man who always looks startled, wide-eyed, as if you'd just awakened him from a nap, but he is alert nonetheless. His suit is quiet, conservative. Berenson wears one of those strange dark-faced, expensive watches. It doesn't tell time. You have to ask it. Politely. The Berenson family has dedicated itself to jai alai for years. "Like many things in the Depression it went sour. My dad came in then and fought the battle. He got pari-mutuel wagering legalized in 1935. And from then on it was slow but uphill every year." Why Hartford now? Milt Roth answers, "Connecticut is the state that allowed the bill. We'd love New York City, but, see, we have a big problem. Nobody wants us in their state when they have night-time operations because they know how popular we become. We'd knock the hell out of Roosevelt or Yonkers."

World Jai Alai has the experience and clout to make Hartford go. There's a fronton in Las Vegas. Another may open in Newport, R.I. Jai alai has begun a guerrilla assault on the nation. Yet, as attendance grows, as newspaper and radio coverage capitulates to popularity, as the pari-mutuel handle nears, say, half a billion—then bars on the players' cage will begin to rattle. The prisoners of jai alai will get restless. Perhaps Pedro Mir won't be around then. It would break his heart.

END

MIAMI BOARD CHAIRMAN BUDDY BERENSON
RAKES IN MILLIONS WITH A CESTA; PEDRO
MIR RALLIES HIS PLAYERS AROUND HIM

NO AWARDS FOR THE EMMYS



GREMLINS KILLED WHITAKER'S CHANCES FOR A PRIZE

Even though television is the primary source of entertainment for millions of people, its most widely enjoyed form of programming, sports, is given scant attention when Emmy Awards are passed out. This spring Emmys were presented in 71 different categories, but only seven went to sports broadcasting. If you know who won them, you are either Jim McKay of ABC, you work one of the tape machines for *Wide World of Sports* or you held a sound disk for CBS during the Connors-Laver tennis match last February in Las Vegas.

Considering the vociferous viewer discussions provoked by televised sports, to say nothing of the amount of rights fees expended on them, it is bewildering that the networks and their sports departments continue to accede not only to the death of sporting Emmys but to the system by which the winners are selected. Perhaps the reason is that Emmy has led a battered existence. Certain segments of the television business still think she belongs on the radiator cap of Jed Clampett's jalopy as it chugs around Beverly Hills. "The Emmys amount to nothing more than an industry honoring itself," CBS' Fred Friendly once said. So many shows have won Emmys after being canceled for low ratings that the award has been referred to as "the kiss after death."

Ratings for the annual Emmy shows and the healthy amount of newspaper coverage given the awards indicate that many people

do care who wins. But despite the public interest, it is doubtful that many employees of network sports departments know how the voting works.

It works badly. And that is a shame, because with some overhauling the sports awards could help elevate Emmy's overall prestige. They might even spawn a separate *Emmy Sports Show* that would reward its audience with reruns of the top performances of the year.

Sports have been a regular part of the Emmy derby for only nine years, and the major winners this spring (McKay as the outstanding broadcaster, *Wide World* as the outstanding taped program and Connors-Laver as the outstanding live event) received less than five minutes of air time during the awards telecast of May 19. The Special Achievement winners (Gene Schwarz of NBC for his technical direction of the 1974 World Series, Herb Altmann for his film editing on the *Baseball World of Joe Garagiola*, NBC's five cameramen for their Stanley Cup coverage and CBS' 1974 Masters crew for its technical direction and camerawork) had their names read by John Woodens. That was it. Not a single sports film clip or taped replay was shown on the program, a dreary affair that could have used plenty of enlivening action footage.

Voting on Emmy sports nominees is clumsy and irrational. "Blue-Ribbon" panelists are asked to be available for screenings all day on both a Saturday and Sunday in May. On those days they are sent scurrying from building to building as 18 sports events, 12 sports programs and the work of 18 announcers are flashed before them. Then they are asked to indicate by written ballot their preferences in each category, from top to bottom—as if the gradation between 17th and 18th could be of any significance. Despite the constant shifts in viewing locations and the dizzying blitz of faces and voices to which each panelist is subjected, no event, show or

announcer may be observed for longer than 10 minutes.

Under these conditions bizarre things occur. Apparently gremlins got hold of CBS' presentation on behalf of Announcer Jack Whitaker. For 90 seconds he was shown delivering a commentary on pro basketball. Then the screen went blank. When it finally flickered back on, Whitaker was seen doing the same commentary again. The panelists asked that all of Whitaker's 10 minutes be shown so he could be properly judged. Poor Jack, a good broadcaster who deserved serious Emmy consideration, never reappeared. During ABC's presentation in the announcing category a voice told the panelists that while Chris Schenkel had received a Peabody Award, he had never won an Emmy. Then the hidden voice succeeded in sabotaging whatever chances Schenkel may have had by adding the mauling and gratuitous statement that the Emmy "was very close to his heart."

Even without the complications of the hectic viewing schedule, it would have been impossible for the panelists to compare Joe Garagiola's 15-minute *Baseball World* to ABC's hour-and-a-half-long *Wide World* in the sports programming category. It is equally unfair to put up a one-shot game like NBC's Oakland-Miami AFC playoff against the entire 14-game series of Monday Night Football telecasts. Judging announcers who work on tape against those doing games live is an insult to all serious broadcast journalists. Tom Ryan's announcing of the Stanley Cup should not be measured against a pre-scripted and taped show such as Public Broadcasting's *The Way It Was*.

If the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences would take the time to devise a set of proper categories covering the variety of events and techniques involved in sports programming, a marvelous awards show could be presented. Unlike most other forms of programming, sports do not have rerun seasons, and the good works just evaporate without a chance for a second look. An *Emmy Sports Show* would provide the opportunity to give the best sportscasting the encore it deserves. But as long as the sports departments of the networks allow their efforts to be so shabbily judged, that day is never likely to come.

END



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Singles bliss is the bunk

Rod Carew is flirting with .400 again, and getting more hefty into his stats to refute the costly notion that he is merely a hitter of singles

Rod Carew grew up swimming in the Panama Canal, went to the same New York high school as Henry Kissinger and is the best pure hitter, for what that is worth, in baseball. When he arrived in New York last week he was leading the American League in batting by so much it was a wonder anybody else in the league could see him.

The Twins' star second baseman was ahead of the next best hitter, Boston rookie Fred Lynn, by 68 points. And Lynn was batting .350. Furthermore Carew was producing quantities of RBIs and extra base hits—items in which a salary arbitrator deemed him too deficient to be worth the \$140,000 he wanted for the season. (He got \$120,000 instead.) Although Carew persists in his claim that

he is a free swinger who doesn't plot out his hits, the suspicion is growing around the league that if arbitrators demanded doubles that rolled dead exactly 385 feet from the plate, or ground balls whose big hops measured exactly 11 feet at the crest, or line drives over the pitcher's left shoulder, Carew would contrive to turn out those, too.

"He swings his bat about as perfectly as anyone I've seen," says Cleveland's Frank Robinson.

"He has an uncanny ability to move the ball around as if the bat were some kind of magic wand," says Oakland's Kenny Holtzman.

Media people being so abundant in New York and 418 hitters so scarce, Carew had not a moment's peace during the Twins' two-day visit to the Yankees, there were constant calls to his hotel room and reporters surrounded him at the park.

What people fix upon with Carew is the magic figure .400. Last year he reached that level in mid-April and stood there as late as June 27. Eventually he tapered off to .364 and his fourth league batting title, third in a row. This year he pulled a muscle in each thigh and was struggling along below .350 late in May, but then he went 15 for 18, or .833, over five games, and that kind of streak will help even a Carewvian average.

Over .400. Nobody has stayed that high for a full year since Ted Williams in 1941. What is the secret, everybody asks Carew. In the one game he played in New York (the other was rained out) he went 0 for 4—a blanking rare enough to merit a subhead in *The New York Times*—and dropped to .408. By week's end he had slipped to .401. Pretty soon, probably, his average will be down close to something human and the interviewing will slack off drastically. Apparently no one wants to know the secret of batting .350. Except every other hitter in

baseball, even Atlanta's Ralph Garr, who is Carew's only rival in either league as a hitter for average and who is adrift in the .260s so far this season.

"Carew watches the defense and hits according to how they play him," says Jim Northrup of the Orioles.

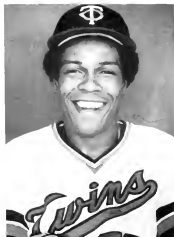
Bobby Grich says, "With a man on first base, and the first baseman holding the guy on, I've seen Rod intentionally try to pull that ball through the hole." Another Oriole, Jim Palmer, says, "He seems to hit the ball where he wants to, which is something not too many can do." "It looks like he tries to take the ball and dunk it over the infielders' heads or hit it where they ain't," says Mickey Lolich of Detroit.

But Carew denies such guile. He admits that his favorite kind of hit is one "just one inch or two outside a guy's reach. Maybe he cheated over a step in the other direction on me, and I kept him honest." But he says he doesn't try to place the ball through holes, just tries to keep it sprayed around. "I hit the ball to the opposite field so much that sometimes they'll move everybody to the left side against me. But I just take my natural swing. It seems like every time I try to pull, I tap the ball."

Carew doesn't agree with Ted Williams' wait-for-just-the-right-pitch idea, however. "My own theory is swing the bat," he says. "If the ball's around the plate, swing and make contact." That, he agrees, is part of the Latin baseball tradition. "I grew up that way in Panama. Here a lot of guys look for certain pitches, in certain areas. But you may never get those pitches. I hate to take."

He does not try to anticipate the type of pitch that's coming, he says, although many opponents think he is very good at it. "If I could be a guess hitter I'd hit .500," he says. "But I don't like to think too much about hitting. I like being up there, not guessing, just getting up there and swinging free."

There is no question, however, that Carew's free stroke is highly disciplined, certainly much more so than Garr's, and in fact more so than just about anybody's. He may not maneuver the ball into certain spots (except when he is bunting, with perhaps more accuracy than anybody else in the game), but he has learned to manipulate the meat of his bat into the path of any pitch. Good pitchers used to have some success jamming



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him with high, tight fastballs and tantalizing him with off-speed stuff, but that doesn't work anymore, although John Hiller of the Tigers says he can't stand to fish for an up-and-in fastball. He may not try to outthink the pitcher, but he does foul off pitches until he gets one he can handle and he does wait until the very last instant, reading the pitch as it comes, before he triggers the easy swing of a man slapping out brisk fungoes.

That swing, which he keeps tuned up with extra batting practice, has built him a lifetime batting average which stood at .323 coming into '75 and after this season should be edging up fairly close to .330. After his first nine years, Roberto Clemente, who went on to a .317 career mark, had a cumulative average of .303. Carew's swing is also strong enough that outfielders can't cheat in on him. "There's no way you can play him," says Oakland's Bill North, "because he can hit with enough power to keep you back deep so you can't play him like he's going to drop everything right over the infield. And he can drop it over the infield. Rod Carew is in a class all by himself."

Not in as high a salary class as he thinks he deserves, though. After losing his arbitration hearing, during which Clark Griffith, son of Twins Owner Calvin Griffith, described him as an error-prone second baseman and a singles hitter, Carew said, "I thought I was a member of the Twins family, but I guess I'm just a number." There is talk around the league that he is shooting this year for more highly negotiable batting numbers. Besides cutting down on his fielding errors drastically, he has picked up six home runs and 30 RBIs already, whereas he has never finished a season with more than eight of the former or 62 of the latter. Although few people have noticed it, he is also very uncharacteristically third in the league in slugging percentage, with .582. Last year Dick Allen led the league, comfortably, with .563, and Carew slugged only .446.

One of Carew's strong points, people around the game agree, is that he is wise enough to stay within his limitations. "He's got control of his whole game," says Bill Freehan of Detroit. "He never lets it get away." A very controlled-looking person on the field, with that arms-only swing and a tight way of carrying his upper body when he runs, Carew is easier going than he was as a younger player, but despite his ready smile he

seems reserved. There aren't many Carew anecdotes, aside from the one about a fight, in his more sensitive days, with then-teammate Dave LaRoche. The two went into a broom closet to have it out, but when several teammates came along to watch, the place became so crowded that the principals were falling over backwards and weren't able to swing, causing the fight to break up in laughter.

When Carew moved at 15 to Manhattan from the Canal Zone, where he had dreamed of coming to America and playing big-league ball, he found himself an outsider who spoke halting English, in George Washington High School. Carew speaks perfectly good English now, and he hits pretty close to perfectly as well. Opponents just about concede him two hits a game; if they worried about holding him under that, they would wind up as frustrated as Ken McMullen did one day when he was California's slick-fielding third baseman. Carew bunted for three straight base hits against McMullen, who kept playing him closer and closer in until finally he was almost within arm's reach and still unable to throw him out. After the third perfect bunt McMullen threw his glove in dismay.

So who knows just how crafty Carew can be? Enough to hit .400? Well, many American Leaguers point out that he is handicapped by not playing on artificial turf as often as he would in the National, where he might bat 25 points higher, and Carew says the pitching is getting better and better and richer and richer in breaking balls—"every pitcher throws a spitball at least once in a while." But everybody says that if anybody hits .400 it will be Carew, and he says, with who knows how private a smile, that he'll be taking his natural swing at it.

THE WEEK

(June 3-14)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST

When the Phillies' bus left half an hour ahead of schedule for a game with the Dodgers, Jim Lonborg, who was to be the starting pitcher, had to hitch a ride with Sportscaster By Saam. Visibly shaken when he got to the park, Lonborg said, "Out of a possible 10 runs for potential accidents, Saam had two eights." Then Lonborg shook up the Dodgers with a two-hit, 5-1 victory. Earlier

he had befuddled them 4-2 on six hits to start a 4-3 week for Philadelphia. Lonborg, who is 6-3 and has a 1.92 ERA, could not conceal his satisfaction: "To say beforehand that so-and-so can be gotten out on a fastball is, a slider away, then a fastball away, and then to go out and do it with precisely those three pitches, well, that is one of the most invigorating feelings a man can have."

Eight homers and some neat pitching kept Pittsburgh (5-3) on top of the East. Jerry Reuss won twice, and Dock Ellis, pitching for the first time since straining his shoulder three weeks earlier, held off Houston 4-2. Sam McDowell came out of the bullpen to make a rare start and beat the Reds 9-5.

In successive games the Mets beat the Giants 5-0 behind Tom Seaver, edged the Dodgers 2-1 and 2-0 as Bob Apodaca excelled in relief and Jon Matlack tossed a three-hitter and then trimmed the Padres 7-2. That last win went to George Sene, pitching for the first time since a bad shoulder put him out of commission last July. It was a week in which the Mets (5-2) could do little wrong as they took second place.

St. Louis (3-3) got two wins from Ron Reed, his second and third in two weeks since being picked up from Atlanta. For Chicago (1-5) the only respite came when Bill Madlock and Jerry Morales doubled as the 10th to finish off Houston 4-3.

Giving Montreal (5-3) a lift were old hands Bob Bailey (a .389 average), Steve Renko (his first victory since last September) and Woodie Fryman (a four-hit, 3-1 job over the Giants). But Dave McNally hung up his spikes after his sixth loss in a row. Four times a 20-game winner for Baltimore, the 33-year-old left-hander had a career record of 184 victories, 119 losses.

PIT 30-23 NY 30-24 PHIL 31-27
CHI 28-28 STL 27-28 MONT 21-30

NL WEST Inspired by the pitching of Randy Jones and the trotting of The Tuba Man, San Diego split eight games and clung to fourth place. Jones brought his record to 9-3 with wins over the Phillies (5-3) and Mets (7-1). That first win came at the start of a home stand that coincided with the return of Marne Laet. Jim Eakle, the man with the hoarse horn Eakle, a rabid Padre fan, flew in from his post on Guam on a two-week leave.

Marching to a heavier tune, the Reds drummed out 94 hits, scored 59 runs and batted .328 as a team. Late in the week they waltzed past St. Louis 10-1 and Chicago 18-11 and, in a game suspended after eight innings because of darkness, led the Cubs 11-3. Good pitching abounded, too. Don Guiletti beat the Cardinals 3-1 to bring his record up to 8-3 and his ERA down to 2.10. And Gary Nolan yielded just one run as he won twice. He has six victories in a row, a

continued

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BASEBALL continued

7-3 record and a 2.39 ERA. All of which made the Reds the only Western team with a winning record (5-2) during a week of interdivisional play.

For the Dodgers (2-5) the week was a bummer. Mike Marshall was no relief. An errant pick-off throw enabled Montreal to score the decisive run in a 5-4 game and he unleashed a wild pitch that led to a 2-1 loss against New York. Otherwise, the Dodgers baited a pailry, 179 and had just six extra-base hits. Pitcher Al Downing may have been correct when he blamed the batting slump on the East's "super pitching." Against Western teams the Dodgers are 19-10, against the East, 16-18.

Infielder Ed Goodson of the Giants came up with a resounding smash of sorts when he used his bat to splutter a kumquat in the clubhouse. Obviously, he was angry because his request to be traded had not been honored. Soon thereafter it was, Goodson going to the Braves for Shortstop Craig Robinson. Aaaaad such goings-on, and rumors that the team might be sold to a group from Japan, the Giants were 4-4.

Houston attendance seems likely to dip below one million for the first time since the club moved into the Astrodome in 1965. But at least Houston snapped a nine-game losing streak and had a 3-4 week. And the Astros finished with a flourish, getting a three-hitter from Tom Griffin in a 9-0 romp past the Cardinals.

John (Blue Moon) Odum, freshly acquired by Atlanta from Cleveland, was battered in his first two starts. The best the Braves could do was to down the Cubs 5-4.

CIN 30-34 LA 30-26 SF 30-30
SD 30-21 ATL 30-24 HOUS 33-42

AL EAST

Henry Aaron of the Brewers had missed all season that he was not going through a slump, merely a "learning process." Last week he gave evidence he had learned well, rapping out seven hits in his last 11 at bats. One hit was a homer—Aaron's first in a regulation game in Milwaukee since 1965—that helped beat Vida Blue and the A's 9-7. Another was homer No. 740 and it came off Nolan Ryan in a 6-4 win. Darrell Porter drove in all four runs in a 4-3 win over the Angels and beat the White Sox 1-0 with a homer during the Brewers' 5-2 week.

Boston's Bernie Carbo hit home runs nine through 12, but the pitching was erratic as the Red Sox lost five of eight. However, Fred Lynn extended his hitting streak to 39 games and hit his 10th and 11th homers. And Carl Yastrzemski, despite cutting his thumb with a knife while scraping tar off his bat, slugged a two-run homer in the 14th to put down the White Sox 9-7.

New York temporarily lost its entire front-line outfield of Roy White, Elliott Maddox

and Bobby Bonds because of leg injuries but won four of six anyway. Rudy May stopped the Twins 5-1 for his fifth straight triumph, which caused Manager Bill Vardon, who seldom uses superlatives, to say, "His stuff is better than any left-hander I've seen."

Baltimore (4-3) fought its way out of last place on some fine pitching. Jim Palmer beat the Royals 1-0 with a one-hitter and subdued the Rangers 7-1. Minnesota was the only club as the majors not to have been shut out until the Orioles' Ross Grimsley turned the track 7-0.

With Detroit Catchers Bill Freehan and Terry Humphrey ailing, John Wockenfuss, up from the minors, hit two home runs. Willie Horton unhooked Nos. 14 and 15, and John Hiller picked up his eighth and ninth saves with 6½ innings of scoreless relief. Despite all that, the Tigers lost six of eight. Worse yet was Cleveland (1-7), which sent one of the big names in the game, Gaylord Perry, to the Rangers for Pitchers Jim Bibb, Jackie Brown and Rick Watts.

BOS 31-24 NY 31-22 MIL 32-22
DET 30-30 BAL 30-21 CLE 33-34

AL WEST

Marty (Duck) Patton of the Royals did not mind that it rained throughout his 4-3 win over the Tigers. "I'm built close to the ground and my little webbed feet don't slip in the mud," Patton said. Lindy McDaniel saved that game for Patton one day after pitching five scoreless innings to beat Detroit 5-2.

"A wealthy ghetto" was Reggie Jackson's description of Oakland's three highest-paid players: Billy Williams, Sal Bando and himself, all batting below .240. It was pitching that kept the A's (3-2) going. Ken Holtzman beat Detroit 4-0, coming within one out of a no-hitter before Tom Veryer doubled. Two days later Jim Perry stopped Baltimore 3-0 with another one-hitter.

Minnesota's Danny Thompson and Dan Ford, who batted out of turn four times each before correcting themselves, produced four runs in an 11-10, 11-inning win over Cleveland. Eric Seidenhelm argued in vain that a pitched ball had not hit his bat for a strike and then, two pitches later, helped beat the Orioles 7-3 with a three-run homer.

Texas tallied 13 home runs, four by Jeff Burroughs, who tied for the major league lead with 15. Also contributing to a 5-3 week was Ferguson Jenkins, a 2-1 winner over the Indians.

Wilbur Wood of Chicago (3-4) finally got his knuckleball under control and doubled his win total by stopping Milwaukee 9-2 and New York 7-2. California (3-5) got its first grand slam in four years when Lee Stanton connected in a 14-7 bombing of Detroit.

OAK 30-24 KC 30-27 TEX 30-22
MINN 37-27 CAL 30-22 CHI 33-23

An open wooden filing cabinet is shown from a top-down perspective. Inside the top drawer, a document is laid flat. The document contains text about electricity and the Edison Electric Institute. A paperclip is attached to the left edge of the document. The wooden grain of the cabinet is clearly visible.

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IN

OUT

A Great Race for the morons

Thousands made it to Marblehead but nobody won. That's the rule

It did not have the drama of, say, the opening bell at a prizefight, nor the sheer class of an "États-vous prêts? Partez!" at the start of a proper crew regatta, but then The Great Race, which runs from Watertown to Marblehead and covers 20-odd miles of Massachusetts land and sea, is neither dramatic nor classy, but absurd and lovable. "O.K., all you morons—in the water!" seemed the absolutely perfect way to start it.

The eighth annual Great Race did have more than 2,000 entrants, most of them cyclists and canoeists, an impressive enough collection to be called Great, but

it was not a *race* and it never has been. The winner is automatically disqualified, the official philosophy being that it is important to finish, but not first, and that what is important is to get to the beer party afterward on Marblehead's Devens Beach.

What made the race this year, as in other years, were what everyone called "the contraptions." A cave in point: enter, slowly, the Turtle. It was 3:45 a.m. in Watertown, at about the same time the late TV horror movies were featuring giant mutant spiders and such. But here was one lurching along dark No-nantum Road making strange sounds. It was green with yellow blotches and appeared to be at least eight feet high and almost twice that long, startling the sleepy motorists who encountered it.

Now the Turtle reached Soldiers Field Road, beside the Charles River, where hundreds of canoeists were heading down the stream in the predawn. There was a 34-foot, 14-man war canoe among them; a 13-man whaleboat; a seven-man lifeboat and a purple Volkswagen in the river, its long oars rising and falling, the name Louise painted in bright yellow letters on its hood.

By 5 a.m. the big canoes and boats had moved through the locks at Boston's Museum of Science, out of the Charles River and into the inner harbor. The small canoes were being portaged across nearby

Leverett Circle as early-morning drivers blinked. And back at the start the few entrants who were runners were loosening up for a 7 a.m. start.

Meanwhile, along Boston's Storrow Drive truckloads of bicycles were moving toward the starting line. Those with five speeds or fewer would start at 7:30, those with more, at eight, the starts of all entrants having been staggered, as always, so that none would arrive too late for the beer. Last year there were roughly 900 bikes, this year, 1,800. In little Marblehead the town fathers, mindful that in past years there had been four visitors at the party for every entrant in the race, were hoping for the best. Someone joked that the town should outlaw betting, because that is how it had all begun.

In the winter of 1967, in a bar called Maddy's Sail Loft, a group of Marbleheaders were entertaining friends from Watertown and one of them said something like, "If I were to walk here I could drink all the beer I want and it wouldn't make me fat. I'll bet I could do it in four hours."

"I could canoe it faster than that," someone replied.

And that was the beginning. A local reporter heard about the bet, wrote a story, "and we were stuck with it," says Robert (Killer) Kane, 35, who dresses in a sweatshirt, a cigar and a can of beer. Kane replies to questions about his line of work with, "Oh, I get by," and his name is all but synonymous with The Great Race.

About 65 entrants turned out that first year, mostly walkers and canoeists, but the first to reach Marblehead were three runners from the Northeastern University track team. The finish line at the time was the first booth in the Sail Loft, but the runners were too young to enter a place that served drinks. The dilemma was solved by disqualifying them, establishing the rule that has been followed ever since.

Down through the years the entry list has grown and diversified, from bicyclists and war canoeists to roller skaters, men riding in wheelchairs and reclining on brass beds on wheels. The only restriction is that no entry is permitted that will cause air pollution.

The Great Race was never serious, and over the years it has become progressively less so. In 1968 three girls in a canoe were marooned on an island off Marble-

—continued—



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head. A group of male canoeists went ashore after them. By actual count, the combined parties declined 27 separate offers of rescue by helpful outsiders.

There have been no serious accidents in The Great Race; the only problems have involved managing the crowds. When Killer Kane was in charge and collecting entry fees (\$8 a head this year, \$6 previously), some people asked why he should be "getting by," as he puts it, on public property. And when entry applications zoomed past an arbitrary maximum of 2,000 last month, the Marblehead town fathers finally voted not to allow the race at all. But then the Marblehead Elks Club was given a chance to run it, with the understanding that a third of the proceeds would go to town activities. "The town took it from Kane," the Elks were saying. "I gave it to them," said the Killer, who nevertheless sent off all the "morons" at the start. But then, The Great Race is full of differing points of view, and little pockets of competitiveness.

There were the canoeists who sneaked away early in the dark and were two miles downriver at the time of the official start. And there was David Nazaroff, owner of the 14-man war canoe, second boat to make it into Boston Harbor. It had been the first entry to finish last year, in 3:56, and was of course disqualified, which frustrated Nazaroff, who said, "That's what makes the whole thing such a crock. You win, they say no, you're disqualified, and you feel like punching them in the mouth."

And now his big canoe was moving past the U.S.S. *Constitution*—*Old Ironsides*—between the piers of Charlestown and East Boston and into Chelsea Creek. At the Union Oil Terminal 28 arms and 28 legs dragged the craft up a rocky bank and over five railroad tracks and began a one-mile portage, up Route C-1, through the parking lot of Cerretti's Supermarket, to Revere Beach. There they tried to launch it in the surf and immediately it swamped, tipped over, almost broke in half and sank. By then it was 6 a.m. and Nazaroff and his crew were through for the day, so they loaded the war canoe in a truck and became the first paryers at Marblehead.

At 7:16, after a five o'clock start, a Marblehead runner named Jim Flynn finished the 23 miles of the land route and was disqualified. At 8:05 a six-man bike pulled in. It had started at four, as

had a three-man, 16-foot Texas Light Dory, which took 15 minutes longer to cover the 24-mile ocean route. And at 8:25 a 13-man foot-powered scooter came across, with its siren wailing, trailing a thick cloud of smoke from an orange flare. It had a tiller man and 12 pushers, six of whom moved it while the others rested under a canopy, awaiting their turn.



A FLOATING OAR- AND SAIL-POWERED VW REACHED THE FINISH WITH SOME EXTRA HELP

Off the beach, a three-man canoe waited for a wave, aiming for a glorious Polynesian-style finish. But Devereux Beach is rocky and steep, and the canoe crunched bow first and tumbled over its occupants, one of whom stumbled ashore with a gash on his face. Moments later another canoe took a wave broadside in the surf and the two canoeists had to be dragged ashore.

The horizon by then was dotted with other canoes, and the strip of people along the water's edge began to deepen. When a big set of waves broke and those in front leaped back to escape, those behind fell like dominoes.

The place to stand was on the height over the beach, away from the crush at the water's edge, with a good view of the surf on one side and the finish line on the other. Observers who were there at 9:10 saw what looked like the skeleton of an immense something wheeling down the road—yes, at least eight feet high and almost twice that long. It was the Turtle, minus its skin—green plastic garbage bags that had blown off along the way. It had two wheels in front and four more along its rear. Four men had run inside the triangular framework for five hours and 25 minutes.

And that is how it would go for the rest of the morning: madness. A 10-man scooter came in; a surrey with a fringe on top; a 10-man, two-deck, 11½-foot high, 1,600-pound bicycle; and clouds of two-wheelers. The crowd spilled off the road and into the parking lot, where the finish line was, up over the rise to the beach and into the surf, where the armada of canoeists provided a shipwreck

a minute. And where at 10:15 a little girl screamed, "Look, Mommy, a car in the water."

"I don't believe it," someone else said, "a Volkswagen, a purple Volkswagen."

The oar-propelled phenomenon bobbed there, 100 feet from shore. The men inside did not seem to know what to do; there was very little precedent to go by. Slowly the VW drifted shoreward. The waves seemed to cradle it, and finally it nestled at the water's edge, too high to be swamped. Pete Talmadge jumped out, 26 years old and boyfriend of Louise, and he held an impromptu press conference. It was a 1965 VW, he said, or rather the shell of one. It floated on seven inner tubes, and for speed it was no threat to the Harvard varsity crew. At 8 a.m. it had still been in the Charles River, 20 miles from Marblehead, so Talmadge and crew earned it ashore, put it on a trailer and drove it 19 more miles and put it to sea again. But no one really minded.

By noon 120 half barrels of beer had been consumed—1,800 gallons—so no one really minded anything. As Killer Kane was saying, "We're just a bunch of people having a good time. That's the bottom line." And it is. **END**

It's elementary! Watson

A sleuth looking for a dark horse in the U.S. Open should shadow Tom Watson, who led after 54 holes in '74 and has won two tournaments since

Dark was pulling steadily on its window shade and a numbing March wind bore in from the water surrounding Hilton Head Island, S.C., as Tom Watson stood on the practice tee. Earlier in the day he had shot an uninspired round in the Heritage Classic at Sea Pines Plantation. Now, like a recalcitrant youngster made to stay after school and write repetitively on the blackboard, he was practicing penmanship with a seven-iron. But he was out of chalk. The driving range had no more balls and its shivering young attendants stared at him imploringly. It was time to go home.

As he left, the golfer had a look of resignation. It is said that no one hits more practice balls than Tom Watson. His diligence and indomitable spirit are admired by his peers almost as much as his classic swing. If he were a stock market listing rather than a young golfer, he would be the subject of inside investor buying. For Tom Watson, 25, is sometimes called the Next Great Golfer, the man to pick up wherever and whenever Jack Nicklaus leaves off.



WATSON OFTEN STOODS TO CONQUER

Some might think the accolade a bit premature. First of all, there is Johnny Miller to consider. Then, too, Watson has won just two pro tournaments. But his progress has been as steady as a graph of inflation. It took him only three seasons to join the top 10 money-winners' list. His rapid rise on the list has taken him from 79th place to 35th to 10th. Like Ben Hogan, a man whose size he approximates, he can rivet himself to the practice tee and, more important, glean something other than blisters from the work.

To be more than a bookend in golf a player must win a major championship. That is Watson's next goal. He led last year's U.S. Open at Winged Foot at the end of the third round, then shot a 79 to finish fifth. This April he led the Masters briefly, eventually finishing tied for eighth despite a 7 on the par-3 16th in the final round.

Watson is only 5'9" and 160 pounds, but he has bulging forearms and a durable physique. He once won the NCAA long driving contest; belted a 370-yard drive in a U.S. Amateur and is the only player ever to reach the par-5, 562-yard 15th hole at Hilton Head's Harbour Town course in two strokes. His shots, like those of Miller and Nicklaus, fly very high, enough so that he can use his driver off the fairway. "He's so strong," says his friend Hubert Green. "In the rough he's like Nicklaus. He's a bold putter. And he's got a garbage can full of guts."

With his shock of brownish-red hair, boyish grin and impish look, he appears to have been invented by Mark Twain. "The reporters write that he looks like Huck Finn or that he just stepped off his raft," says his wife Linda. "It's his trademark. We don't mind. Besides, he does look like Huck Finn."

Linda is a perfect complement to her husband. He is basically courteous but apprehensive around strangers. She is open and extroverted. He can be mel-

ancholy when his swing misbehaves. She tends to be buoyant. Their relationship is such that they consider themselves a team. For the time being, Tom does not enjoy the luxury of a business manager, so Linda keeps his schedule and handles his correspondence. Away from the course they maintain a private life. "Traveling together on the tour is one of the worst things a man and woman can go through," says Watson. "A lot of times, for the wife, it gets down to doing needlepoint. I try to give Linda all the responsibility I can. The tour is not all fun and games. You play the game as a game, but it's business. We treat it that way."

Something of an anomaly in the hyper-conservative tour group, Watson supported George McGovern in the 1972 election, and when he was a junior at Stanford a hometown paper in Kansas City quoted him thus: "[College] has opened my eyes to a lot of things . . . Like pollution and racism. . . . Racism, that's a state of mind. Pollution is more clear-cut. It's an enemy you can't close your eyes to . . . that is approaching you head on." At present he is trying to establish a golf team fund at Stanford.

As an amateur his record was unspectacular. He was not on scholarship at Stanford and played only sporadically in amateur events, although he did finish in a tie for fifth in the 1969 U.S. Amateur, earning an invitation to the Masters the following year. Anyway, amateur records have proved meaningless as a firm gauge of success among the pros. Nicklaus is the only ranking amateur of recent years who fulfilled his promise. Others, like Bruce Fleisher, Marty Fleckman and Steve Melnyk, are still out there struggling. Then there are those who had brief success, earning for the moment the sobriquet the Next Great Golfer, only to settle back—people like Jerry Heard, Lanny Wadkins and Ben Crenshaw.

That is not expected to happen with Watson, because of his tenacity, his propensity for hard work and his confidence. "Tom's so sure about what he does," says Green. "If you don't believe, you're in trouble because you start to doubt what you're doing."

Stan Thirk is the pro at the Kansas City Country Club, where Watson still is a member. Thirk had played the tour and is still good enough to be a competitor in this week's U.S. Open, but during Watson's formative years he was his

tutor, Thirsk, Watson, Tom's father Ray, a six-handicapper, and a top K.C. amateur named Bob Willits frequently played together. "Tommy had to mow some lawns sometimes to pay up when he lost," recalls Thirsk, "but don't think he always lost. Lots of youngsters play golf well, but they don't understand why. Tommy knows why. He's like Nicklaus in that respect. Sam Snead and Hogan are the supreme examples of golfers who succeeded in different ways. Snead had lots of natural talent, Hogan had the capacity to work and work. Watson is more like Snead in that he has natural talent, but he also has Hogan's willingness to work. Tommy isn't anywhere near the point of complacency yet. It takes a lot of beating golf bums to get better, and Tommy will beat on them."

"When we ask our friends what they do during their time off from the tour," says Linda, "they talk about hunting and fishing. Ask Tom, and he says he hits balls and practices."

Watson won the Kansas City match-

play championship when he was 14 and the next year played an exhibition with Arnold Palmer, at the time his idol. The youngster was strong off the tee, but wild, and this day he spent time looking out from behind the trees, although he made some long putts and scored well. Since then Palmer kiddingly has called him Snake. This year they were paired in the second round of the Masters. At the par-5 13th hole Watson scored an eagle and momentarily moved into the tournament lead. The Snake seemed to have straightened out his game.

There are still some shortcomings in Watson's game, however, and occasionally he muses over them—about how he must learn to handle pressure, and the importance of patience. Because of his meager amateur tournament experience, he is a neophyte at these things. He had a four-stroke lead going into the final round of the 1973 Hawaiian Open and shot a 75 to lose. Later in the year he had a six-stroke bulge after a 62 in the fifth round of the 144-hole World Open

at Pinehurst, then finished 76-76-77. He was in contention in the L.A. Open this year but hit two straight balls out of bounds in the third round. And then there was the humiliating debacle on Sunday in the Masters. "The thing that bothers me is when I keep making the same mistakes," he says. "Then I'm not learning."

Of course he is learning, spectacularly well, in fact. He shot a 69 and came from six shots off the pace to win the Western Open last year, boldly smacking a driver off the 18th, a tight driving hole where even the more flamboyant players were using three-woods or irons. And he won the Byron Nelson Classic this May on a final round of 65, making four birdies on the back nine. He did not have a bogey that day.

"I'm not where I want to be yet," he says. "I have the potential to be a great golfer. But a lot of times potential is not fulfilled. I'm young, and I still have quite a few years in the game. I'm giving myself a chance."

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Going to school in a sulky

Though he is too young to be admitted to the grandstand at most racetracks, Bryce Fenn is a horse trainer. A 15-year-old with a smooth, freckled face, he is the youngest trainer ever licensed by the U.S. Trotting Association.

On one recent afternoon it seemed to him that the bus carrying him home from school would never get there, and when it finally rolled to a stop, Bryce burst out of it on a dead run. It was already six o'clock. He had no time to eat. One of the horses he trains was entered in the eighth race at Hazel Park in Detroit that night.

Bryce sprinted for the old barn behind the family's split-level house set among the corn and oat fields outside Windsor, Ontario. In minutes he emerged leading a pacer named Quick N Steady and walked the horse into a red van parked in the driveway. His father was already behind the wheel. "Hi, Dad," Bryce said, climbing in the passenger side. "Let's hurry."

The classroom young Bryce Fenn prefers is out at the trotting track

At Hazel Park, 15 miles away and across the border, the presence of a 4'11" kid hitching a horse to a sulky in the receiving barn behind the clubhouse attracted no attention whatsoever. "Most horsemen here know me, and the fans probably think I'm somebody's son," said Bryce as he knelt to unwrap the protective bandages from Quick N Steady's legs.

After the second race Bryce took his horse onto the track for its first warm-up. He drove with a loose hold, asking for little speed from the 4-year-old in circling the $\frac{1}{8}$ -mile oval clockwise twice.

Afterward he stopped by to see Racing Secretary Bill Connors, read the condition book for the upcoming races and dropped an entry form into the three-day box. He watched the fifth race, a claiming pace, from a walkway between the track and the paddock. "Nothing there worth claiming," Bryce said as the winner crossed the wire. After the seventh race, Bryce walked up to Merritt Dokey in the drivers' lounge. Dokey is a veteran on Midwestern tracks who often drives for Bryce and would be handling Quick N Steady that night. "Want to drive for me again Thursday?" Bryce asked him. He had to look up at Dokey, tucking his hands inside the front pockets of his faded jeans. "Sure," said Dokey, looking down. "You bet."

Dokey drove Quick N Steady to a respectable fourth-place finish, and Bryce was pleased. "I can't expect an owner to give me a great horse until I get more experience," he said in the car on the way home. It was 2 a.m. when he arrived.

BEFORE HE GOES OFF TO CONVENTIONAL STUDIES, BRYCE EXERCISES ONE OF HIS HORSES ON THE OVAL BEHIND HIS WINDSOR HOME



There are no great horses in the stable Bryce runs. He trains five maidens—horses that have never won a race—and two inexpensive claimers. In different partnerships, Bryce owns a piece of five of them. A doctor owns one and a neighboring policeman pays Bryce to train the seventh. One of the horses Bryce purchased as a yearling, broke to harness and to sulky himself, then taught it to pace. Another, called Terry the Terror, was practically a gift at \$200. It came to him with a broken sesamoid bone in its right hind leg. A vet sealed the fracture and Bryce fed and groomed the horse for five months before he started taking it over the track. He says he will race Terry when nearby Windsor Raceway opens in October. "It's that kind of stable," Bryce says with a shrug. "But you learn."

At six the next morning Bryce was back in the barn, cleaning wet straw out of a stall with a pitchfork. Two stalls away, a yearling colt Bryce was boarding began vigorously kicking the wooden wall. Bryce dropped the pitchfork, went over to the noisy stall and whistled. The colt came to him and began nibbling on his green field jacket. "All horses are dumb and some are dumber than others," Bryce said, giving the colt his sleeve and then taking it away. "A good trainer knows how much each horse can learn at one time." By noon Bryce had fed and brushed down his horses, mucked out their stalls and driven three of them six miles apiece over the homemade half-mile dirt track laid out behind the barn. Some mornings he rides the jog cart as many as 25 miles. "You work horses and take care of them and they pick up speed on their own if they have any," he said. "That is 90% of training."

The day Bryce turned 14 he applied to the Canadian Trotting Association for permission to take the trainer's test, and on an icy February night he appeared before the racing judge for the exam. He was led to a small table in a dingy room under the grandstand at Windsor and handed the 14-page test covering rules of racing, training procedures, horse care and anatomy and uses of equipment. Pencil poised, he was bent over the diagram of a horse when Bill Rowe, the

continued

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A SHADOW ROLL NEEDS AN ADJUSTMENT



WITH HIS DAD BRUCE AND DRIVER DOKEY

president of the raceway, walked by and looked into the room. "This is no place for kids," Rowe told him. "But I'm writing my trainer's test," Bryce protested. Two weeks later his license arrived by mail.

Ever since, Bryce has found no time for dating, fooling around with classmates or anything much except horses. He made the West Sandwich (Ontario) Bantam All-Star hockey team two years ago but quit because it took away hours he preferred to spend jogging horses. Millicent Fenn is undisturbed by her son's restricted interests. "Some nights I go into his room and find him asleep with the lights on," she says. In his lap, she adds, is a copy of *Care and Training of the Trotter and Pacer*. Her chief worry is that Bryce will drop out of school. Around noon on the day after Quick N Steady's race at Hazel, she was peeling potatoes when Bryce appeared in the kitchen and asked her if she would wash a pile of horse bandages. She said she would and, noticing the time, told Bryce he should start getting ready for school. He mumbled something inaudible and ghosted away toward the barn. There he found a box containing dozens of bits and began untangling them. "I know 25-year-olds, still in school, who can't find jobs," he said. "After studying that long, they don't want to work." He closed the box. "I have a job I like. There is plenty to learn around here."

In the summer of his sixth year, Bryce had wandered out to the barn, asked his father if he could help and ended up spending the entire day mucking out a stall. Bruce Fenn says his son has returned to the barn practically every day since. The elder Fenn has owned and trained horses around Windsor for almost a quarter of a century and has nine of them now. He was the leading trainer at Windsor Raceway in 1971. At the time he was training for Bert James, a neighbor who owned the legendary Albatross. "The kid really works hard," he says of his son. "I have never seen anybody take to horses so quickly."

For his part, Bryce is aware of how much his father's tutelage has meant. "I know other kids who love horses," he says, "but my dad has given me opportunities they will never get."

Bryce's ambition is to drive eventually because, as he says, it is the driver-trainer who makes the big money in harness

racing. In the U.S. a driver must be 18, but in Canada 16 will do, so Bryce plans to apply for a Canadian license on his birthday next January. For a provincial license, which is required for driving in betting races, a candidate must drive live qualifying races under the scrutiny of a racing judge. He must also drive one rated mile, telling the judge beforehand exactly what clocking his horse will register at each quarter pole, plus or minus a fifth of a second. The prospect of qualifiers does not worry Bryce, who figures he has already logged about 20,000 miles in a sulky. And he has been practicing rated miles for months. "He seldom misses," says his father.

The odds on a driver earning \$100,000 a year, the sum many regard as the requisite to fame, are not very good. Last year the USTA licensed 10,542 drivers; only 10 won enough in purses to earn \$100,000. "If Bryce keeps his head straight, he might make it," says Greg Wright, the leading driver at Hazel Park. Wright drove for Bruce Fenn and has watched Bryce around horses for years. "He has not learned how to do anything the wrong way," Wright says. "Very few horsemen have had the schooling he has." Dokey agrees. "He has learned from the bottom up," Dokey says. "He knows about conditioning and claiming, too. He's a natural."

Bryce is not overconfident. One morning as the mist was lifting, he wedged a visitor in beside him in the jog cart and worked a 3-year-old filly named Cricket Line around the homedrome oval. "I watch drivers and take notes," he said, holding the reins lightly, palms up, between his middle and forefingers. He gently closed his right hand, pulling the rein ever so slightly and, in effect, telling Cricket Line to move closer to the rail. "Horses understand only your hands," he said. "Real drivers know a lot more than I do. They all have strategies, and right now I can't imagine guessing correctly what the other seven of them will do at different points throughout a race." He chirped at Cricket Line and thought for a moment. "But I talk with the guys I respect and they say that once you start driving in races you learn to react automatically. I guess driving is a lot like training. It takes a long time to learn."

Having learned as much as he has already, Bryce Fenn is off to a pretty good start.

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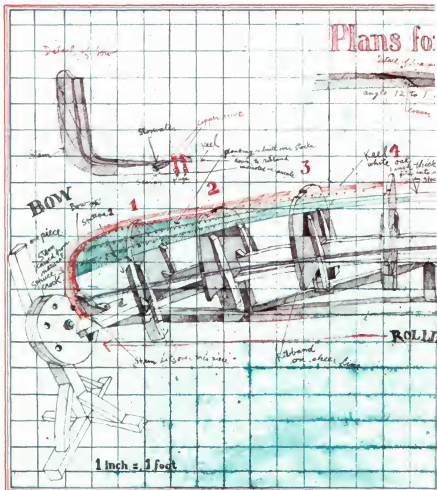
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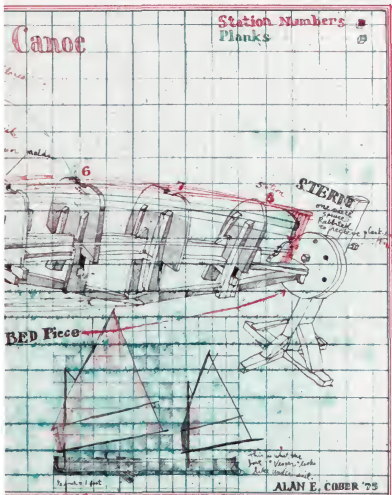


"It was spring, it was summer, before the boat was lifted off the forms, turned right side up, the bones put in."

CALLING

The voice of the wild—and a summons to adventure—was in the haunting lines of the wonderful old canoes

by MASON SMITH



CONTINUED

What was the good of it; hunting up obsolete tools and materials that were already scarce 60 years ago, artificially aging your viewpoint, spending about a year learning how to build, and building just one of what you maybe couldn't sell at the price you'd need to live? Then taking a maiden voyage on a stream that would certainly beat it up and maybe break it up?

But when we dropped the handmade canoe into the headwaters, with four days on the best wilderness river left in the Adirondacks ahead—wild trout, unspoiled country, seven carries—it felt as good as if we'd clinched all 2,000 copper nails at one crack. We were making such satisfactory connections: with the Adirondack tradition of travel by water, with the 19th-century craftsmanship of J. Henry Rush-ton, with the source of the river that clatters all winter through our frozen towns down below. This was a lap joint in time, as if the two centuries had been riveted together at their '70s.

July. The water was low. The headwaters were cold and clear, smoke tinted in the deeper places, hucless over the brassy shoals. Brook trout panicked at all angles from underwater grasses that rose from the gravel and flattened

along the surface. Often the stream narrowed to a rock pile, or the alders nearly closed it off or a cedar had grown clear across. With woven pack baskets and us aboard, the boat drew five or six inches. The brand-new varnish touched bottom. Half of the time we were in the water, nursing the little cedar boat along. We brought sneakerfuls of water with us when we got back in.

Grasses, trees, sun, water, sky. We had to get over the pang of not taking pictures continually. Had to look at the treasure chest of stream bed and say, "I guess I won't ship that to a museum." Everything we saw was going to be just like the Dewar's in the only bottle of whiskey we were carrying. Gone when gone.

Then suddenly I saw something. A reflection too long and straight, a color too dark green—another bottle, bedded almost completely in the gravel. Only a finger's width was showing.

Not trash. We were too far up, on an estate where the water probably isn't even poached. We paddled back. I put a leg over and stooped to pull the bottle up. It was an old one, hand blown, seamless, irregular in thickness inside its simple form, with a few tiny bubbles and silver darts in its smoky green glass. A rounded lip, tapered inside for a cork. We pictured some swank angler in the '90s, toasting a two-pound speckle with a European wine from a shaded hamper. I rinsed out the gravel and my brother struck the bottle in one of the pack baskets. That was one thing it seemed all right to snatch. We could let it fill with associations while the other emptied of whiskey.

In the Adirondacks everybody knows the portable rowing skiff called Long Laker or Saranac Laker or simply the Adirondack Guide boat; evolved and patiently built in the long winters by the woodsmen who would use it to carry gentlemen through the wilderness after trout and venison and the supposedly curative forest air. It is one of America's nicest creations, equal to, say, the Morgan horse minus the long feet and weighted shoes of the foppish present-day breed. Durable, fast, versatile, graceful, light, even prepotent, true to type: it is instantly recognizable with its tumble home ends, its smooth pine skin laid up on delicate, anthropomorphic ribs cut from naturally curved spruce or tamarack crooks.

But hardly anybody even knows what the word canoe meant in the last century, what it meant for the first 20 years the American Canoe Association existed. The principal features of the canoes of the 1870s and later were derived not from the Indian birchbark (open, with minuscule decks and high-pointed ends), but from the Eskimo kayak and the log dugout; and not by white Americans applying modern techniques and materials to the native craft but by our copying the copying of certain Britons. Particularly John MacGregor, a proselytizing advocate of muscular Christianity who brought European boatbuilding to these native forms and made the resulting *Rob Roy's* famous through books about his solo voyages in them—on the Rhine, on the Baltic, in the Middle East. He

The author and his brother (opposite) garbed and equipped to ply their new/old craft.



helped form the Royal Canoe Club in 1866, and some Anglophile New Yorkers copied *that* in 1871. They imported their first boats or had American builders work to English plans. Soon their builders tried ideas of their own, and vied with the English to perfect and popularize what were called cruising canoes.

These were slender, shallow, usually lapstrake, decked, with a cockpit, and most often set up to paddle and sail. Small as they were they had flotation chambers, dry storage and room to sleep in: miniature yachts. They were very well suited for exploration of the myriad remote waterways within the now-closed frontier, and right away were taken on much-publicized expeditions to find the sources of the Mississippi and Columbia, for example, and run these rivers to the sea.

Canoeing was one of those new sports, baseball and football among them, which simultaneously started up around the '70s when the country rather suddenly found itself peaceful and prosperous enough to need something besides fist-fighting and horse racing. The art of designing and building the canoes flourished for 20 years. Then came the depression of '93, the bicycle craze of '96, the cheaper open

canoe that could be mass produced and now the immortal uglies, the immoral maintenance free. The gallant wooden lapstrake cruiser is a thing of the past.

So it was the only thing to take us down this river. We couldn't bring hackwork or plastic or aluminum up here. Suppose we met a troll, or a snowy egret or some other Representative of the Owners? "Riding in something that just does the job, huh? Needs no care, huh? Only cost you a week's wages, huh? No fishing."

"Look!"

Alders dipping into the water at the inside brink of a rocky bend made a sort of shady veranda for a houseful of gaudy trout. One, two, three, four, five, too many to count, mature brook trout well over a foot long moved out and paraded downstream beside us, fully exposed in the sun, their red and blue and gold spots, their black and white and red fins piercingly displayed.

"Did y——! How m——! What do you call that?"

"There they are again!"

As we moved through the tail of the bend we met them going back indoors. What sauce. We stopped. But it must

continued



LOONS CALLING continued

be that I still did not believe we deserved them. "We'll never touch them," I said.

"Why do you say that?"

"Never touch them." I put on a Royal Coachman, dry.

"Why the pessimism?"

"It isn't pessimism."

The leader floated in a rueful meniscus, dappling the bottom with a shadow like linked sausages. Nevertheless, something revolved in the water. There was no resistance when I lifted the rod. The Coachman was gone.

In 1880 a frail, diminutive shoemaker from Pennsylvania named George Washington Sears decided to make his first trip to the Adirondacks. He was an outdoorsman, soon to be famous as the author of *Woodcraft* and several series of letters on his wilderness solos published in *Forest and Stream* under the pseudonym Nessmuk. He didn't intend to see the Adirondacks from the stern of a guide boat. He was going alone, and since he weighed only 105 pounds, he needed the lightest, finest canoe he could get. He studied the work of the best canoe builders of the day and satisfied himself that J. Henry Rushton of Canton, N.Y. was the only man to build it. Rushton came up with a 10-footer under 18 pounds painted; the next year, one of less than 16. Nessmuk named his third Rushton canoe after Dickens' voluble nurse who took

no water. It weighed just 10½ pounds. The Adirondack Museum owns it now: the Sairy Gamp. Partly through Nessmuk's encomiums in *Forest and Stream*, Rushton became the most famous canoe builder in all the country.

Raised in a remote village on the northwestern fringe of the Adirondacks, at 30 Rushton had not been much of a success at anything but good fellowship. Single, without capital, in poor health. He borrowed a set of forms and built himself a boat to take to the woods in hope of getting the better of his persistent dry cough. Somebody bought the boat. In 1880 he signed the charter of the American Canoe Association on Lake George, one of two builders among the rich sports. In 1886, in a sort of miniature America's Cup race, his *Vesper* sailed rings around the English boats, decisively repatriating the North American native craft's development.

There is a grand collection of Rushtons at the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake. They pull at you. The long slender planks of white cedar, beautifully darkened with age, their clear grains in delicate tension with the lines sweeping up to curved stems unconsciously perfect; the intimate, accurate nailing, every inch along every seam, each nail in vertical line with others from gunwale to keel; the joints fitted impossibly tight along those varying curves; the absence of heavy timbers, instead the multiple fine thin



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ribs only two or three inches apart. You hear loons calling, just looking at those boats. You think you could make one the way Henry James said you could write a novel: it is "too difficult indeed; but there is one way to master it, which is to pretend consistently that it isn't."

My brother Everett was convinced people would pay the builder of such things a living wage. He read the Adirondack Museum book about Rushton with appendices by Rushton's son Harry, describing construction methods. He read Stephens' standard *Canoes and Boat Building for Amateurs* (1885), subscribed to *National Fisherman*, talked to John Gardner, assistant curator for small-craft studies at Mystic Seaport. He hung around the museum looking at old plans and drawings and an ingenious tiltable bed piece on which molds for a hull could be fastened. He wrote all over the eastern U.S. and England and Canada to locate copper nails in various sizes.

White cedar was not to be had. It grows plentifully in northern New York, practically a weed, but the big trees you need for clear, vertical grain planking are all gone. He bought yellow cedar, which came from the Oregon coast. He bought oak, too, for keel and gunwales; the other woods—red elm for ribs and tamarack for stems—he went out and found, hauled, had locally sawn.

Most boats are born dead; skeletons first, decently covered, then launched in a ceremony like burial at sea that tosses them back up alive. A lapstrake canoe is a shape before it is a structure, a usable boat before the first rib is put in. Once the keel and stems are in place on the forms, the planks are attached to each other, acquiring strength like an eggshell's, a dome's, a fender's.

Each plank is spliced, cut out oversize to a curve that will allow it to bend into place without edgewise springing and yet show a fair catenary line from stem to stern, resawed into an identical pair, planed to one-quarter inch, spliced with a 12-to-1 bevel splice and then hand fitted to the preceding plank throughout a five-eighths-inch-wide mating surface from end to end and clinked there, cedar to cedar, with copper nails, ends clipped off so not to split the wood, driven through both thicknesses and against a clinching iron so that the clipped end curls back into the wood and holds.

The first plank my brother put on, when the clamps were released, flew off in splinters. With each pair in place, the winter shortened by a week or more. In fact, it was spring, it was summer before the boat was lifted off the forms, turned right side up, the bones put in. The shop's Round Oak stove was fired up again, an oilcan full full of water connected to a long wooden box hung from the ceiling joists, thin, half-round strips of slippery elm steamed to pliability. Holes were punched through the laps at each of the 54 rib positions, nails stuck in them from the outside, ready.

Now craftsmanship couldn't be painstaking, slow. There were only 90 seconds in which to drive 16 nails into each rib as it was drawn from the steam box, bent into the shell and held in its place as near as the holder could tell with the holes covered and his hands and clinching iron in the way. After a minute and a half the elm was hard and dry again, and would split or would turn back the soft copper nails before they came through to the iron. I crouched beneath the hull to do the driving.

We put on cedar decks, oak gunwales, canted seats. We sponged warm water over the hull to raise the indentations of the hammer, let it dry, sanded, varnished and sanded, and varnished again.

Now, every few minutes, we were leaving some of the varnish on a rock.

We carry around a gorge, through high pine plains. There was a great fire here as well as lumbering. The sand has grown to grasses for thousands of acres around the large gray stumps. The pines are coming back now. Someday pine needles and shade will smother out the grass. There will be large white cedars again someday, too.

We are gliding on a long still water. The river is smooth and darker. We learn to read the dimpling water over rocks and logs. We pivot tightly between forested knolls and marshes.

All along we have startled deer bodded in the grass and brush right beside us. Mostly invisible, or we just see the flag. We hear them bound off and stop and blow the scent of us out of their nostrils. Once we come almost up to one standing in the middle of the river, just a big orange body with a three-bladed propeller in place of a head. Everett says that he felt wild there for a moment, felt as if he were a buck, not a man, watching her switch her tail, lift her knee.

Under the exposed roots of the grasses and under the alders the banks are littered with freshwater clamshells. Now and then we see a muskrat slip off the shore; once an otter. There are blue herons, spooking early and creaking off, and an American bittern waddles into the grass from a mud-bank with his nose up. Belted kingfishers flee ahead around each bend. This is what the boat was made not to violate. I photograph my foot, a bit of oak-split basket, the blade of my paddle, some planks and ribs and gunwale and some water and greenery. It all belongs.

We drift on, not explorers but archivists, feasting on a vision without wreck, paint, wire, plaster or masonry, but instead of opening new country we are zipping it shut, leaving behind the highest altitude, sharpest air, coldest water, wildest fish.

"Wish I had my banjo," Everett says.

The old books about the Adirondacks are clear on the subject of fish. There were lake trout in the big lakes and brook trout everywhere. Early in the spring and late in the fall you would find them near shores and in rapids, hungry for brightly colored flies like the Parmachene Belle. In July you might think there were none—unless you found a spring hole.

Below our tenting place this night we seek the mouth of a tributary stream the map shows coming from three or four miles away. If it is spring-fed, cold, we may find the big ones.

We pass its mouth, a simple delta with an island in the middle. I sink to the calves in mud, but the surprise is not that. It is the pain.

"Feel that?"

"Ho, ho, ho, ho."

This is ice water. The spring must be right here. We fish toward the mouth with dry flies, carefully. Nothing. We

continued

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fish up as far as we can from the bar. Nothing. We go back and get the boat and enter the tributary, bowman casting ahead. It widens into a basin with another island. Then a narrow channel, alders on the right, grass on the left. Another basin, strangely round, black and still. Nothing, not even rises. Out on the river little fish had been cartwheeling everywhere, most of them shiners, I suspected. Here, a stillness.

No, a fair fish splashed, up a still-narrower channel. Behind that, a swirl. I liked the sound of that swirl. I had on some kind of Ausable River special, new. I let it descend on that place, almost among the alder branches that grew from under the surface. It was sucked in with another shoveling of water.

The fish did not reveal its strength at first. It seemed to think that this fly could not be serious, and simply tossed about in a deprecation. But then it gave up mere hope. It was hooked, and it just knew it and became very mad. It wore itself out completely, so that when I took it in my hand it was as safely handled as a two-pound bag of gold. In the gathering dark we looked and looked at it.

The boat isn't a replica of anything, though the methods and features are like Rushton's. The profile approximates a lovely centerboard sailing canoe called *Stella Maris* shown in Atwood Manley's *Rushton and His Times in American Canoes*. It is 14 feet long by 30 inches wide and 10 inches deep amidships, 15 inches at the ends. As Harry Rushton might say, if you chew gum you need two sticks, one in either cheek. Though we have it loaded pretty heavily it is very fast through the water and very quiet. Beginner's luck, Everett says.

Later in the summer we took the boat to the annual regatta of the American Canoe Association in the Thousand Islands. For the fun of it we entered the boat in a paddling race against 16-footers, mostly fiber-glass Sawyers that are kind-of-like, long rhombuses designed to fit barely within the formula for canoes (30 inches width, 4 inches above the keel amidships), mostly paddled by enthusiasts of punishment who use the wide-bladed racing paddles and cadence their strokes and switch sides at a yell from the stern paddler. We lined up in the middle of a field of eight.

At the gun we sprang forward as quick-

ly as the rest. Then some madman paddled too long on one side, and suddenly all eight boats were converging. Those crude coal shovels dug at our hand-carved black cherry paddles, people yelled, "Look out for the cedar, look out for the cedar!" and proceeded to bump into it. We quit paddling, shook our heads.

There was a strong wind, high choppy waves combined with the wakes of inconsiderate powerboats. Down at the first mark the two leaders were broadside to us, struggling to turn. One boat had already capsized. The others were heading out wide to start their turns early. It occurred to us that we were still in the race. We made right for the buoy, nipped it, turned easily because of our shorter keel and curved stems and came out of the turn in third, which we held down the long leg and back to the finish, even though we shipped water over the bow all the way.

You can have that way of impressing sweethearts, however. We went across the water (and the international boundary) to the ACA's Sugar Island. We expected to see a gorgeous congregation of old cedar canoes, perhaps Rushtons, Stephensens, Joyner's, Eversons, Ruggleses, along with all the recent developments.

Surely the few members of the association who use Sugar Island, the few who come to the regatta (the ACA is dominated by white-water canoeists now, its power is in the West) are old enough: about a dozen grizzled eccentric septuagenarians who every year bring up (from Brooklyn, it sounds) their 50-year-old Peterborough and Old Town canoes which they have stamped with their own opinionatedness in every sort of sail rig and chaling gear and crass arrangement for style and comfort you can imagine. They resemble the English who lost the challenge cup in 1886 to *Jeager* in that they sail from reclining positions, only their heads in view and now and then a foot with which they shove down or up their single keelboards.

Their canoes would be collectors' items to a lot of people, but these old gents have butchered them up (nicely) so they can sail them forward and backward. The same guy always wins. He stuck a big aluminum mast in his and a sail that belongs on a Hobie Cat. The others, with their sliding gunters and leg-o'-muttons and lateens, have a

continued



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moral victory every time they lose to him.

But there is only one old Rushion, *Old Joe*, a Princess model with dumb sails called batwings. Dumb as the sails are, with spars fanning out through them like figures (sailmakers were not apprised of the airfoil then; babes in the dark), the lone old decked cruising canoe is irresistible.

We camped the second night at the end of the 16-mile-long still water. The rapids below were spectacular and looked extraordinarily fishy: deep, aerated water, large pools, swelling slicks between rocks, banks overhung by shade trees. In the first little falls I hooked a strong fish. Something told me I wasn't going to like it when I got it in hand. A good cast and float and take and tussle and 13 inches and all, but: brown trout. Way up here in the country of the Swiss Guard, this stodgy tank in olive drab, this warm water lounge.

Then it rained. Simply, it was the wettest, noisiest electrical storm I have ever been in. We couldn't sleep. We lay in the tent, listening to the same train bang through the same station over and over, colliding with rock walls all the way. There was great turning on and off of lights. After much too long I said, "Are you as scared as I am?" and my brother said "Yes."

The boat was pulled up on a mucky beach a few yards upstream, since everything else here was rough granite rocks. In it were the rods and paddles. Imagine it floating off as the water rose and humming along past us and over the brink of the falls.

I ran out and stone-hopped to a great boulder in the river from which I could see around the bushes to the little mud-bank. The flashlight wouldn't make a hole in the blackness that far. I couldn't see the boat.

Then the lights went on and I saw it clearly, tilted on its side, every rib etched against its pallid skin. I remembered a girlie show at the county fair: a pitch-black stage, then a blue-white strobe on a heart-breaking body, then blackness. I watched a couple more of these cameos and went back to bed.

In the morning the whole world had foundered. The stepping-stones were a foot under water. We splashed to the

rock, hopeless, guilty, wanting the night back.

The boat was held to the muck by the water inside it. The river was inches over the bank, but it hadn't floated.

That day we accomplished no more than to get to the foot of the rapids. It rained, we got lost with the boat on our heads, we got skunked fishing. Everett broke the tip of his rod.

The next day we swam the boat down another set of rapids to the bridge where the one gravel road crossed. Below that it was still for another half-mile. Then the river dropped out of sight, shores and all. We carried the pack baskets below the mile-long gorge and hiked back up for the boat.

A boy in hunting clothes stood by the open front door of an old Dodge deep in the grass of an old lumber road. He gave us his profile. Down inside the car an old man was working. Very slowly he backed out and faced us. The gray hair was wild on his head, in his eyebrows. Wire-rim glasses, clear eyes, a couple days' growth, a faint grin possibly humorous, possibly critical. "What club you belong to?" he asked.

We were on a leased park now. We explained our presence, told him of our permission.

He said, "What happened to the brook trout?"

I said I didn't know.

He said, "How long's a trout live?"

I said I didn't know that, either.

"Five years," he said. "What happened to the brook trout?"

I said I didn't know what he was getting at.

"It wasn't fishermen," he said. "What happened?"

I didn't know.

"When we had timber, we had trout. When the timber went, we didn't. What happened to the brook trout?"

I knew what he meant now, but I wanted to hear the way he would say it. I knew it would be a way I'd never guess. He stood reposeful between the open door and the car, still smiled that critical and friendly smile. He said, "It used to be in November and December, in hunting season, you could go up any of these little feeder streams and in every pool you'd see two trout, this big." The old man held the crescent wrench a foot and a half away from the other thick, stiff hand.

"A female and a male," he said. His smile was friendly now for sure.

That was the connection. The spawning streams were spoiled.

We said we had to get our boat. He said he had to get some oil in his transmission, perhaps a way of poking fun at our idea of necessity.

We float three miles, noticing that the black-cherry trees are blighted as badly as the elms. We carry around the last rapids, then paddle seven miles of meandering grassy channels and a lake to where our home folks have been watching our paddles glinting, in time, in the low sun for an hour.

The children semaphoring on the bank. Wife swinging her painful of hair and cocking a camera. That blocky orange thing on the hillside which reveals itself to be a dump truck. The suggestion that we take a shower in the campground facility while a picnic is prepared. After four days on the flowing changing river all it seems like indented servitude. The boat is upside down on top of a Saab. We realize we have been hauled off to a museum.

A young man who restores classic cars for a living in Springfield, Mass. came in August to the antique boat show at Clayton, in the Thousand Islands. He brought, on a trailer behind his car, a Maine rowboat called a Rangely skiff, not in show condition. He was hoping to use it toward a trade. What he wanted was an old decked cruising canoe with sails.

There weren't many there: two. None for sale, none he wanted. Then, in the commercial area, he saw Everett's boat, the varnish retouched, the yellow cedar bright and young-looking beside the deep-aged Saint Lawrence skiffs and Adirondack Guide boats, the Ruggles canoe and *Old Joe*.

He stopped and looked it over closely, talked with Everett. He went back and looked at the Rushion, the skiffs, the Nickerson Guide boat. He came back and wrote a check to confirm his order: an 18-foot canoe with main and mizzen, flotation, a sliding seat, a folding centerboard. It will surely take all winter to make. The design is up to Everett, understanding that the young man is going to sail the canoe 10 miles out to sea; the basic model in his mind is Rushion's *Veiger*.

END

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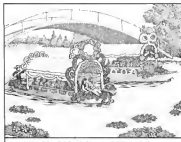
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Yesterday

by GEORGE GIFE

EVEN BEAUTIFUL BATHERS LOOKED LIKE FLOTSAM IN CONEY'S "GOOD," OLD DAYS

The moonlight gleamed on the rippling sea.

And the lumps lie the foam strand.

10 blue voices blended in merry glee,

With the sweet must of the hand

That night the time seemed fleeting.

And, oh, my heart was beating!

For that was our first meeting.

At Coney Manhattan Beach

Songwriter George Vickers' 1896 tribute to Manhattan Beach, which adjoins that early Disneyland, Coney Island, evokes an image of polite, simple and comfortable days unmarred by the crass vulgarities of our own time. How pleasant it must have been before pollution, overpopulation and neglect converted white sand and clear water to mottled minefields of thrown-away throwaways and putrid petrochemicals.

Unless, of course, the good old days at Coney Island and adjacent beaches never really existed. Is that possible?

It is. For one thing, even then there was pollution. Three miles offshore a garbage huy was anchored. But occasionally a scow pilot would shorten his trip considerably. The results of one abbreviated journey became apparent on an August Sunday in 1886. That day a huge island of decaying vegetation appeared 20 yards offshore. "There were layers of stuff, like a big raft," a reporter wrote. "The substratum seemed to be of straw, hay, and weeds. This was cemented with mud, ashes, and sewage. It carried a miscellaneous cargo—cut melons, decayed fruit, grease-coated barrel staves, old bottles and an assortment of cats and dogs in various post-mortem stages. . . . The breakers came up and lapped this mass, but could not get over, under, or around it. They served, however, to push it up to the beach. . . ."

Of course, this wasn't an everyday occurrence at Coney Island. What was worse

the discomforts of the transportation system, which crushed visitors together on steamers and in railroad cars and frequently left hundreds more stranded at dockside.

Those who made it to Coney had to contend with the basic problem of the swimwear of the 1870s and '80s. Anxiety attacks among women of all ages and shapes must have been common when they faced the prospect of donning the traditional loose flannel bathing gowns that apparently were designed to make the wearers look as ugly as possible.

"In this respect the flannel gown was a complete success, since had Venus herself risen from the ocean arrayed in a bathing gown, she would have been mistaken for the grandmother of the gods," wrote *The New York Times*. "Nevertheless, it had one conspicuous facet. When in the water it had a way of expanding and floating to the surface, whereby the wearer was made to resemble a blue cotton umbrella. For this reason it gradually fell into disrepute and is now met only on remote New England beaches, where it is still worn by angular schoolteachers who desire to strike terror into casual sharks."

The one-piece gown was succeeded by a blouse-and-trousers outfit, of which *The Times* wrote, "At rare intervals beauty actually triumphed over the bathing-dress and at every sea-beach legends yet survive of some miraculous woman who was beautiful in spite of flannel blouse and trousers." Less fortunate women had someone meet them at water's edge with a large shawl.

As for the other attractions at Coney Island in those days, today most would be considered tame at best and rip-offs at worst. One of the most sensational was the "Colossal elephant," which was completed in 1885 and heralded by its owner as the eighth wonder of the world. Not everyone was that impressed by the 100,000-ton, 122-foot-tall monstrosity that housed a quasi-scientific "museum of natural history" in a gallery called the Stomach Room. "The Colossal Elephant at Coney Island has not been favored with much serious public attention," the *Scientific American* commented, "owing to the fact principally that it is not an artistic work, and secondly, because it is the project and property of a stock company, whose unexalted aim was to rear a structure that would serve, not so much

to elevate the public mind artistically, nor to stand as a monument to some of our noted forefathers, but rather to abstract the unwary dime from the inquisitive sight-seeer."

More successful were the grand pyrotechnical performances. A typical show was entitled "The Siege of Sebastopol" and pitted the "allies" (French and British) against the "enemy" (Russians). With a cast of 500, the production was carried off with a maximum of volume as the Russians were defeated each night beginning at 7.45. During the intermission, while the cavalry and infantry reloaded their weapons with fresh fireworks, customers were treated to "class" entertainment such as a cutlass drill by 20 sailors from the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

During the 1880s Coney Island was essentially "owned" by John Y. McKane. As police chief of Gravesend, the nearest municipality, McKane was the voice of authority, as health commissioner, McKane could make important decisions regarding sanitation and zoning; as chairman of the Gravesend Town Board, McKane ordered his decisions carried out; as chief contractor, he earned them out; as town auditor, he approved his own bills; and as chairman pro tem of the Kings County Board of Supervisors, he saw to it that he was paid on time.

This concentration of power often hit visitors to Coney Island where it hurt, because McKane needed money to finance his projects. Every so often he would swoop down on the resort, round up whomever he pleased and fine them whatever sum he deemed appropriate. He made just such a raid on July 12, 1885, arresting 36 men and women who were loitering less than 10 feet apart, plus one man sleeping on the beach.

McKane justified his fines on moral bases. "This is a playground, and I mean it to be a harmless one," he said. "The ocean's coming up and we'll all be swamped soon, but we'll go down pure or know the reason why."

In Coney Island John McKane's word was law. That may have been the reason the resort was struck by a giant tidal wave on Sept. 8, 1889. It drenched more than 2,000 people, destroyed the Manhattan Beach amphitheater and washed away the walks in front of the posh Oriental Hotel. In the process, it gave another display of why the good old days may not have been so grand.

END



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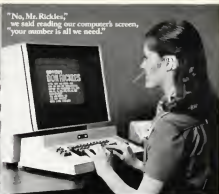
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Edited by GAY FLOOD

INSIGHTS

Sir:

Thank you for a highly inspirational insight into the career of Rocky Bleier (*Rocky Bleier's War*, June 9). Your story not only tells of the indecencies of war, it shows the courage of a man whose life has been put before him. I only hope SI will give us more quality stories of this nature.

BILLY MURCHANT

Oxnard, Fla.

Sir:

I thought the article on Rocky Bleier was one of your best. More people should know about him—not just what happened to him in Vietnam, but what happened when he came home, how he showed everybody that, despite his injuries, he could still play football. He proved it in the Super Bowl.

FRED LEBECK

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sir:

Rocky Bleier's War moved me deeply. It brought out, better than any of the weighty tomes on Vietnam I have read, the ultimate irony of America trying to "save" a battered people. I don't know how aware of it Bleier is even now, but the inadvertent actions of ordinary, decent American soldiers (those of vicious ones need no comment) probably have made us more enemies among the ordinary South Vietnamese people than anything the Viet Cong or North Vietnamese can dream up. No Caucasian can fully sense this, one has to be a "colored" to know how it feels to be saved by uninformed, armed and unnaturally tall men running around one's countryside shooting up everything in sight. Thanks to Rocky Bleier and Terry O'Neil, your huge reading public might just get a glimpse of this truth while they are admiring Bleier's personal candor and courage. Thanks for a touching reading experience.

SAMUEL C. CHU

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

As a fellow Notre Dame graduate and Americal Division veteran, I read with particular interest Rocky Bleier's account of his experiences in Vietnam. I wholly concur with his notion of the "My Lai mentality," but even more telling was his description of how his company, still jumpier from the previous night's mortar attack, poured a needlessly large number of rounds of ammunition on a single hootch at the far end of a rice paddy. Undoubtedly, it was out of similar feelings

of jumpiness and frustration that the tragedy at My Lai was born.

In a war where "strategic air strikes" and "free fire zones" were accepted military tactics, it is indeed ironic that the actions of the infantrymen should be judged so harshly. It was the infantrymen—the "grunts" who learned most vividly one of the saddest truths about the war in Vietnam, the much-ballyhooed effort to win the hearts and minds of the Vietnamese people was nothing but a euphemistic myth.

DONALD G. LEIS JR.

Enfield, Conn.

Sir:

Rocky Bleier's unit in Vietnam apparently was made up of soldiers who were totally indifferent to the problems and lives of the Vietnamese, and it is unfortunate that his image of the American soldier in Vietnam is likely to be perpetuated by his book. He portrays most of his fellow countrymen as potential atrocities looking for a place to happen. I, too, served as an infantryman in Vietnam and can say with equal authority that, while there were occasional abuses, the behavior of the majority of our troops in that country was no cause for shame. I know of incidents in which U.S. soldiers risked their own lives to avoid injuring innocent Vietnamese who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. While Mr. Bleier is certainly entitled to report those incidents and experiences about which he has personal knowledge, I believe the opposite view deserves equal attention.

JAMES F. ROBINSON

San Diego

Sir:

In his tale, Rocky Bleier recalls the death of a close friend, Hawaii, one of more than 50,000 Americans who lost their lives in Vietnam. Bleier was awakened to the injustice of war by his friend's death, but he did not lay down his arms. Perhaps if Bleier and the rest of his comrades had displayed the subtle courage of those who refused to fight because of conscience, the tragedy of Vietnam might never have taken place.

GEOFFREY DUNN

Soquel, Calif.

Sir:

It is my considered opinion that Rocky Bleier's adventures in Vietnam have no place in what is primarily a sports magazine.

CHARLES G. MANNIX

Clinton, Conn.

Sir:

I wish that everyone in America would take the time to read *Rocky Bleier's War*. I spent almost a year in Vietnam, and this fine article brought back memories of pain, hurt and bewilderment. It also brought back memories of the best friendships I ever made. In reading the article maybe people will begin to understand just what the Vietnamese soldier had to contend with. Certainly Vietnam veterans deserve more recognition from the public. Hats off to Rocky Bleier, and God bless him for telling it like it was.

JERRY BERNA

Milwaukee

PRE'S LEGACY

Sir:

Thanks to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and especially to Kenny Moore, for the superbly written article on the life and untimely death of Steve Prefontaine (*A Final Drive to the Finish*, June 9).

Living in the Northwest, I was fortunate to see Prefontaine compete on several occasions. My respect for his dedication and sacrifice, as well as for his obvious athletic talent, has been considerable. Moore's article has heightened and broadened my respect for Prefontaine the man.

Pre's honest and straightforward pursuit of excellence in himself and in the caliber of competition in general is something we can all emulate and be the richer for it.

EDWARD L. DOUGLAS JR.

Seattle

Sir:

Kenny Moore's article on Pre's final race and all of our last moments with him is the most poignant, perceptive and memorable sports chronicle I have ever read. We can never completely accept the tragedy of a young champion denied the full accolades of the international running world he might have dominated. Moore's work of art gives Pre the next-best thing: a memorial that will outlast all the awards and publicity already attained.

LAURENCE G. BRIDON

Manna Del Rey, Calif.

Sir:

Steve Prefontaine's tragic death is a loss not only to America's Olympic hopes, but to all American amateur athletes. I am sure other American runners will eventually eclipse Pre's track records, but they probably will not be nearly as outspoken against the absurdities and inequities of America's

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

amateur system as Pre was. It would be a fitting tribute to Pre if the system were changed so that the athletes and their needs came first.

DWIGHT S. WOLF

Charlottesville, Va

FORWARD MARCH

Sir:

I can't thank you enough for Roy Blount's article *The Reds Are Coming* (June 9). Just one small correction. The Reds are no longer coming. They have arrived, and the Dodgers know it.

ARI MORAN

Cincinnati

Sir:

Your article on the Stanley Cup champion Philadelphia Flyers (*A Bunch with Character*, June 9) was a beautiful piece of writing, but reading it on page 72 was a lot like eating a birthday cake with no icing. Will a hat trick in '76 rate a cover story? We Flyer fans sure are hungry for one.

PHYLLIS CLARK

Margate, N. J.

EMPTY CUP

Sir:

How in the world could you neglect the Flyers two years ago? The last U.S. team to win two consecutive Stanley Cups was the Detroit Red Wings 20 years ago, yet all the Flyers get for their achievement is one little black-and-white picture.

There was no mention of Rick MacLennan winning back-to-back playoff scoring titles. That feat was previously accomplished only by Phil Esposito and Gordie Howe. Also, you did not mention Bernie Parent's two consecutive Conn Smythe trophies. He is the only player ever to do that. Furthermore, you made no note of the record the Flyers set by shutting out their opponents five times.

Last year when the Flyers won the cup all they got was a two-page write-up and another small picture (at least that one was in color). The Flyers are the best; you can't overlook them anymore.

MILT BALON

Weecsville, Pa.

COACH SHERO

Sir:

Mark Mulvoy's article on Freddie (The Phantom) Shero (*Hockey's Eccentric Wizard*, May 26) was as masterful as the "wizard" himself. But the author neglected to expound on one interesting item. Shero's first term in Philadelphia, which missed the playoffs in the final four seconds of the regular season, as Mulvoy reported, did so in a game against the same Buffalo Sabre club it defeated for the cup this time. Ah, revenge!

ANTHONY M. LONGO

Philadelphia

Sir:

Your article on Fred Shero shows that coaching still plays an important role in sports. Talent isn't everything, unless you know how to use it.

WILLIAM KILE

Atlantic City, N.J.

Sir:

Much has been said about the style of Coach Shero and the Flyers, but one important point has been overlooked. The basis of their game plan is karate-on-ice. They seem to work on the theory that if you commit 20 to 25 infractions per period, an unmolested referee will call only three or four, allowing you to get away with the rest. Such tactics will naturally keep any opposing team behind its own blue line, and the Flyers have them down to a fine science. This may be their game, but it is not hockey.

ARTHUR A. KLEIN JR.

Long Island City, N. Y.

Sir:

The quotation on page 33 of your article ("Success requires no explanation, failure permits no alibi") does not come from Fred Shero, nor does it have any real meaning concerning athletics. Athletics and teams have been explaining their successes and alibiing their failures for many years.

The true meaning of this motto can be realized when one considers that it hangs as a constant reminder of the work being done by a few well-trained men at the Navy's Explosive Ordnance Disposal School located in Indianhead, Md. This school trains members of all services to render safe any hazardous item (e.g., a bomb). The persons engaged in this work who fail (extremely few) don't say very much.

MARTIN A. WALLER

Wayzata, Minn.

VOICE FOR SENIORS

Sir:

For the sake of accuracy, it should be noted that an item in SCORECARD in your June 9 issue contains a major blooper. The Ohio General Assembly did not defeat a bill (House Bill 123) to reduce groom fees for senior citizens at state-owned parks. In fact, the bill passed the House on May 27 by a vote of 80 to 13 and is now in the Senate Agriculture and Conservation Committee. The bill has not yet been reported back for a floor vote by the Senate.

SUSAN B. STINE

Research Associate

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